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AFTER CULLODEN.

By William McLeod Raine.

FROM my hiding-place far up on the mountain-side, I watched all day the Campbells running about in the valley far below like busy ants, and climbing the hills in every direction to beat the heather. Betimes a puff of smoke, followed by a report, flashed a signal from the gun's mouth to the other side of the glen. Once a straggling, red-headed gillie passed close enough to my hiding-place for me to shoot him handily.

At first I thought they were on the hunt for fugitives from the battle; but if so, their actions were most strange, for everywhere they shouted and fired guns continually as they ran about like chickens with thrawn necks. It was more as if they had lost one, and were letting him know of their presence. Once it struck me that it might be I they were after, but if so, their energies were misdirected, and they might take my word for it that death on the barren hillside was to be chosen a thousand times before the tender mercies of the Sons of Diarmaid. It would be a far cry till the day Argyle should light on James Ogilvie of Airlie, spent and wounded as he was.

For a week Culloden had been a ghastly memory. The trampling of Cumberland's fell cavalry still rang in my ears. Again I saw his fierce riders butchering the wounded and the unarmed hill folks who had come to see the battle. Again I led my 600 claymores in the charge, while the Highland slogan rang out and mingled with the pibroch's wild wail. By day my mind dwelt despairingly on that scene of carnage, and in the night I started from my sleep in the heather to see my brave clansmen throw themselves between the red death and their chieftain. The 16th of April, 1756, had been a woeful day for the North.

When the big, red moon came up and squatted like a cheese on the top of the opposite hill, I thought it time to be moving; for I was keen to be gone to my own people, where I might lie in safety till my wound healed, though every Sassenach redcoat in the island were on a hunt for Airlie.

I followed the shoulder of the hill cautiously and slowly, both to avoid stumbling into any sentries who might be stationed on the heights above, and to favor my wounded ankle, which found the hillside less broken with rocks.

For a full mile terror dogged my every step. Then the pain in my leg grew instant, and I threw myself down in the soft heather.

Suddenly in the stillness I heard a sound that brought me to my feet. It was the sobbing of a lost wean. Borne by the wind, it came to me again, and I was sure of it. I pushed through the brush in the direction of the cry. Presently I came to a cliff which blocked my way, sheer and perpendicular for seventy feet below me. I stood undecided, waiting for the cry to guide me to the left or the right.

From the side of the cliff beneath my very feet a soft sob rose. Lying on my face, I peered over the rock to see a child standing on a narrow, projecting ledge some twenty feet below me. She was clinging to the ferns which grew from the face of the cliff. It appeared she had been there some time, for she had almost ceased to cry. When she saw me she asked whether I was God, and would I please take her home. From which I suppose the little lass had been praying to God to rescue her.

There was but one way to her, and that

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was sheer over the face of the cliff. It was a perilous descent, having the appearance of a forlorn hope, but it was that or nothing. Luckily the broom grew rank from a cleft in the rock, and at a pinch it might serve me.

I worked my way over the edge, my feet dangling perilously in space. Clinging to most frail support, I lowered myself foot by foot. Twice the heather gave to my hand, and I almost went down headlong. But it takes a steep hill to stop a Highlander, and at last I stood on the ledge beside her—a ledge so narrow that when I crushed my toes into the rock my heels still hung over nothing.

It appeared she had been lost in the hills, and wandering about had fallen over the edge of the cliff. By great good fortune she had landed on a pile of furze, and was uninjured save for some bruises. How she had stuck on the ledge at all was a marvel.

I wrapped her in my plaid, winding it under one shoulder and over the other, and bidding her cling tightly to my neck. She was as winsome a looking bairn as I had seen for many a day. Her hair was a light brown and her eyes a deep blue. She reminded me somehow of the pictures of angels I had seen in the French churches.

How I ever climbed that height safely I do not know. 'Tis an adventure I would not take in the daytime; let alone at night, with a wounded leg and a child strapped to my neck. To this day the place is called Airlie's Climb. Perhaps the night favored me, for I could not see the dizzy depths below.

The sharp rocks tore my hands till the blood streamed from them; and whenever the weight came on my wounded ankle I had to set my teeth to keep from crying out. From the cleft in the rock I have mentioned, a great whitethorn grew. It is the badge of my clan, and I blessed it that night. For despite the cruel thorns which shredded my trews to strips and tore my flesh with seams, I mounted by its help. It sticks in my mind that as I passed from branch to branch I kept muttering the Ogilvie watchword to myself, "Sgitheach geal! Sgitheach geal!" (The whitethorn! The hawthorn!)

At last, somehow, we reached the top. I made to set her on the bracken, but she burst out crying and threw her arms around me, imploring me not to leave her. I had not thought of leaving her, but her words disturbed me prodigiously, for they brought the situation clearly to my mind for the first time. I could not leave her alone on the mountains, nor could I take her with me in my wild flight across the hills to starve and freeze. It was a deuced awkward contretemps, and I may be forgiven if I wished her safe in her cradle miles away.

Then I bethought myself she would be hungry, and dived into my pockets for the fragments of oatcake and cheese I had laid by for my breakfast out of my slender midday meal, which had served for supper, too. Egad, the diversion served! With the tears still wet on her cheeks she fell to work and devoured my provender to the last mouthful. After which she ordered more.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Jessie."

"Jessie what?"

"Jessie Campbell! I want my mother."

"Faith, I might have guessed your name. The country is alive with Campbells. I suppose you will be living down at the clachan?"

She nodded, her eyes heavy with sleep, then cuddled closer in my arms and fell into the land of nod with calm content. It was quite plain she had adopted me. To wonder what her father would think to see her in the arms of James Ogilvie of Airlie amused me; still more to imagine the horror of an Ogilvie at seeing a Campbell lassie in his chief's arms. He would as soon expect me to fondle an adder.

In truth my gorge rose, and I had little love to spare for her when I found she belonged to the hated race of Diarmaid. There was something even about her beauty that was repulsive to me. But if she had been the devil's brat I could not leave her to perish alone in the mountains. What I did was to take her back to the clachan. I did it with prodigious ill-will, and I take no credit for my action. Years afterward I told Cluny MacPherson what I had done, and he laughed till the tears ran down his face to think of the Earl of Airlie as nurse to a Campbell brat, but I misdoubt me he would have done the same if he had been in my place.

Under the shadow of a rock I almost stumbled against a kern, fast asleep against the moss, his gun across his knees. Spite of his tattered patches, I recognized the dark Campbell plaid through the dirt, and laid the sleeping beauty gently by his side. As I loosened her arms from my neck she stirred in her sleep.

I looked back at them from a distance. The gillie was sitting up and looking round

with blinking eyes. Presently I heard him exclaim in Gaelic, and shortly after two shots rang out in the night stillness. The signal was taken up and flashed down the glen to the searching clansmen. I heard it again and again, until it died away in the distance.

Though I knew it to be urgent that I should put as great a distance as possible between me and Fontingal, I could drag myself a scant half dozen miles that night. I was so weak that once I fainted like a girl. It was early morning when I reached a burn and bathed my swollen ankle. I lay down for a minute's rest, and to the music of the rushing water I fell asleep.

My awakening was rough. I opened my eyes to see two gillies astride my body, while a third bound my hands. With a naked dirk in the hands of one MacIvor Campbell (the leader of the three) to prick me on, I was dragged back a weary way across the mountains to the village I had seen the day before. Here I was taken before Colonel John Campbell of Mamore, afterward Duke of Argyle, who had just arrived with

"Clinging to most frail support I lowered myself foot by foot."

"My awakening was rough."

a detachment of soldiers. His wife and daughter had been hurried here to live with their kinsmen when the rising began.

Mamore was more than surprised to see me.

"Save us," he cried gayly, "if it is not the Earl of Airlie himself. You have done well, MacIvor. There are not three men in the whole rebel camp I had rather you had taken."

"They took me while I was asleep," I explained stiffly.

"Asleep or awake, dead or alive, you are welcome. The Duke of Argyle will be gey glad to see you. 'Tis a sight guid for sair een. Keep us, but you dinna look very braw. I dout the Earl of Airlie hass had a rough week."

"The week is neither here nor there, and I am thinking that if M'Callum More had been so keen to see me he might have found me twa weeks syne with 600 clansmen at my back."

"Hoots! To every dog his day. The Campbells will take their turn now."

"I think it likely. They generally do when the fighting is by," I retorted scornfully. "I do not remember to have seen any at Gladsmuir or Culloden."

"If you mean," began Mamore with his chin in the air, "that the Campbells are less keen to fight than the Ogilvies——"

"I would I had them on the heath man to man. There would be a wheen Campbells wha would not wear their bonnets after the fight for the very good reason that they would not be able to find their heids to put them on."

"Sir, I would hae you know——"

"Havers, man! Dinna get in a feery-farry." Then, to irritate him, I hummed a verse of "Airlie."

> "'It fell on a day, on a bonnie summer day,
> When the corn grew green and early,
> That there fell out a great dispute
> Between Argyle and Airlie.'"

Everybody knows that the song is a flout at the Campbells, so it is no wonder that Mamore grew black with rage and cried out:

"You had better be saving your breath for your neck-verse. It is a short shrift M'Callum More will give you."

I shrugged my shoulders, and quoted him the Campbell saying, "'It is a far cry to Lochow.'"

He smiled sourly at that.

"Not so far, neither. In a week the Ogilvies will be crooning the coronach for their chief."

"'Tis a fine piece of music for the pipes," I said composedly, for I meant he should see I feared him not a straw.

He began to question me about the Prince.

"Where did you last see Charles Edward Stuart?" he asked, eying me sternly. "If you speak truth it may avail you."

"Do you think it would save my neck?" I asked.

"I cannot say as to that. You hae been a leader in the rising."

"Well, if it winna save my neck I think worst, Son of Diarmaid! I care not a doit for all the Campbells in Scotland."

"You are a stiff-necked rebel, Ogilvie. I hae a mind to hang you where you stand for a lesson to you," he said, with a rasp to his voice, looking up at the smoke-blackened rafters above.

"I care not a pinch of snuff what you do," I cried, and gave him back his black look with interest.

We glowered at each other full a minute. I could see his sword was itching to be out of the scabbard. In the nick of time came a diversion. My sleeping beauty, very much awake, strolled into the room and looked in

"We glowered at each other full a minute. I could see his sword was itching to be out of the scabbard."

I will just keep my tongue between my teeth," I answered calmly.

"It would help you. Come, man, speak out," cried the Campbell.

I fell to considering.

"It is in my mind that I saw him at Gladsmuir and then again at Falkirk," I said, and laughed in his face.

"But since then," he insisted eagerly, "'tis reported that you were with him after Culloden."

Then I turned on him like a tiger.

"May my father's curse light on my father's son when James Ogilvie betrays his Prince to the butcher Argyle! Do your surprise from one to the other of us, as if she doubted that grown-up men could be quarreling. When she caught a second look at me, she stopped with puzzled face to place me, then ran forward with outstretched arms.

At first I stood stiff as a poker; then to plague Mamore (I protest I had no other motive in the world), took her in my arms. She flung her hands around my neck, and asked if I had come to see her.

"Egad! Not exactly," I chuckled. "My business here is less pleasant."

Meanwhile Mamore stood ill at ease, frowning prodigiously.

"A fery sudden attachment, or hafe you met before?" he asked.

"God sended him to me when I was lost," cried the child over my shoulder. She spoke in English, so that I judged she had been living in that country. Colonel Campbell grew rigid. He was beginning to find the situation less tolerable.

"Come here, Jessie," he commanded.

She wriggled from my arms and went to her father with halting steps. And faith, he looked fierce enough to eat her.

"Tell me all about it. Where did you meet this gentleman before?" he asked sternly.

"He tooked me from where I had fallen and carried me to Evan," she whimpered.

He turned to me.

"Is this right, sir? Did you rescue her from the Devil's Loup?"

"I did not know she was a Campbell," I explained hardily. "'Od's life, I am more ashamed of it than you. Let us both try to forget our shame."

He drew himself up very straight, swelling like a turkey-cock, and looked at me haughtily.

"You are a cursed impudent rebel, James Ogilvie of Airlie, but I will hafe you know that a Campbell accepts no favors from an Ogilvie that he cannot return. You hafe put me under an obligation, and it shall not be the fault of John Campbell if you are taken. You will lie in safety with me here, or you will go to Airlie, whichever you please, and be damned to you."

I laughed at his cavalier statement of the matter, and looked him over slowly from head to foot.

"I think I will not be burdening the Campbell hospitality. I would go to my own people, but a hundred red-hot pincers are tearing at my ankle, and for twenty lives I would not walk a mile. Egad, I think you will just have to hand me over to Argyle, after all," I concluded lightly.

"If you cannot walk you will ride, and if you cannot ride you will be carried, but willy nilly to Airlie you shall go," he cried.

"A Campbell for obstinacy!" I retorted, shrugging my shoulders. "But I would have you remember that the plan is yours. I ask no mercy."

"By Diarmaid of the Wild Boar, I gife you none. If it were not for last night's work I would see your head chopped off with fery good will. But it will never be said that a Campbell did not know how to pay his honest debts."

But he had his revenge. He took me back to Airlie with a troop of Campbell horse for a guard, and every foot of the way his pipers strutted ahead and dinged out "The Campbells are coming."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Clara Morris.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK.

Illustrated with Photographs of the Period.

THE original Fifth Avenue Theater was a tiny affair, with but small accommodations for the public and none at all for the actor, unless he burrowed for it beneath the building, and, indeed, the deep, long basement was wonderfully like a rabbit-warren, with all its network of narrow passageways, teeming with life and action. The atmosphere down there was dreadful—I usually prefer using a small word instead of a large one; but it would be nonsense to speak of the "air" in that greenroom, because there was none. Atmosphere there was stagnant, heavy, dead, with not even an electric fan to stir it up occasionally, and the whole place was filled with the musty, moldy odor that always arises from carpets spread in sunless, airless rooms. Gas, too, burned in every tiny room, in every narrow slip of passageway, and though it was all immaculately clean, it was still wonderful how human beings endured so many hours' imprisonment there.

It was on a very hot September morning, in 1870, that the company was called together in the greenroom of the Fifth Avenue Theater. This first "call" of the season is generally given over to greetings after the vacation, to chattings, to introductions, to welcomes, and a final distribution of parts in the first play, and a notification to be on hand promptly next morning for work. With a heavily throbbing heart I prepared for the dreaded first meeting with all these strange people, and when I grew fairly choky, I would say to myself: "What nonsense! Mr. Daly or the prompter will be there, and, in the general introduction, you will, of course, be included, and after that you will be all right—a smile, a bow, or a kind word will cost no more in a New York theater than in any other one"—which goes to prove what a very ignorant young person I was then.

In looking back to that time, I often drop into the habit of considering myself as another person, and sometimes I am sorry for the girl of that day, and say: "You poor thing, if you had only known!" or again: "What wasted trust—what needless sorrow, too!" But I was then like the romping, trusting, all-loving puppy-dog, who believes every living being his friend, until a kick or a blow convinces him to the contrary.

I had two dresses—neither one really fit for the occasion. But I put on the better one, braided my mass of hair into the then proper *châtelaine* braids, and found comfort in them and encouragement in a fresh, well-fitting pair of gloves. At half-past ten o'clock I entered the underground greenroom. Two young men were there before me. I slightly bent my head and one responded doubtfully, but the other, with the blindness of stone in his eyes, bowed not at all. I sat down in a corner—the stranger always seeks a corner. Can that be an instinct, a survival from the time when a tribe fell upon the stranger, and, with the aid of clubs, informed him of their strength and power? Anyway, as I have said, I sat in a corner. There was the carpet, the great mirror, the cushioned bench running clear around the room, and that was all—oh, no! on the wall, of course, there hung that shallow glass-covered frame, or cabinet, called variously "the call-board," the "call-case," or even the "call-box." It is the official voice of the manager—when the "call-case" commands, all obey.

That day I glanced at it—it was empty. The first call and cast of the season would be put up presently. I wondered how many disappointments it would hold for me. Then there was a rustle of skirts, a tapping of heels, a young woman gayly dressed rushed in, a smile all ready for—oh!—she nodded

briefly to the young men, then she saw me —she looked full at me. The puppy-dog trust arose in me: I was a stranger, she was going to bow, perhaps smile! Oh, how thankful I am that I was stopped in time, before I had betrayed that belief in her. Her face hardened, her eyes leisurely scorched up and down my poor linen gown, then she turned frowningly to the glass, patted her bustle into shape, and flounced out again. I felt as though I had received a blow. Then voices, loudly laughing male voices, approached, and three men came in, holding their hats and mopping their faces. They "bah-Joved" a good deal, and one, big and noisy, with a young face topped with perfect baldness, bowed to me courteously; the others did not see me.

Where, I thought, was the manager all this time? Then more laughter, and back came my flouncy young woman and two of her kind with her, pretty, finely dressed, badly bred women, followed by one whom I knew instantly, one I had heard much of, one to whom I had a letter of introduction—I have it still, by the way. She was gray even then, plain of feature, but sweet of voice and very gentle of manner. I lifted my head higher. Of course she would not know me from sole-leather, but she would see that I was a stranger and forlornly alone. Besides, she was already secure in her position in the company—she was its oldest member, and therefore, in a certain measure, she was the hostess. As my mere presence in the greenroom showed that I was a professional of some sort or quality, both authority and kindness would prompt her to a bow, a smile, perhaps a pleasant word. I looked hungrily at her: her bright, small eyes met mine, swept swiftly over me—and then she slowly turned her black-silk back upon me, the stranger in her gate. As I swallowed hard at the lump Mrs. Gilbert's gentle indifference had brought to my throat, my old sense of fun came uppermost, and I said to myself: "No morning is lost in which one learns something, and I have discovered that covering a club neatly in velvet improves its appearance, without in the least detracting from the force of its blow."

And then the passage resounded with laughter and heel-taps, the small room filled, there was a surging of silken gowns, a mingling of perfumes, the clamor of voices high and excited, and, I must add, much affected handshaking, many explosive kisses—and then down the other passageway came more gentlemen. They were a goodly crowd, well groomed, well dressed, manly fellows, and all in high good humor—except Mr. Davidge. But, in mercy's name! who ever saw, who would have wished to see, "rare old Bill" in a good humor?

Such gay greetings as were exchanged round about, and even over me, since my hat was twice knocked over my eyes by too emphatic embracings in such crowded quarters! —and still no manager, no prompter. When they quieted down a bit, every one took stock of me. It would have been a trying position even had I been properly gowned; but, as it was, the ill-suppressed titters of two extravagantly gowned nonentities, and the swift, apprising glances of the others, kept me in agony.

Suddenly a quick step was heard approaching. Silence as of the grave came upon them. They all faced toward the coming steps—anxious-eyed, but with smiles just ready to tremble on to their lips at an instant's notice. Never had I seen anything so like trick-poodles. They were ready to do "dead dog," or jump over a chair, or walk on two legs—ready, too, for either the bone or the blow. I knew from their strained attitude of attention who was coming, and the next moment, tall and thin and dour, Mr. Daly stood in the doorway. He neither bowed nor smiled, but crossly asked: "Is Miss Morris here?"

Every one looked reproachfully at every one else for not being the desired person. Then, as the managerial frown deepened, from my corner I lifted a rather faint voice in acknowledgment of my presence, saying, "Yes, sir, I am here," and he gave that peculiar "huh!" of his, which seemed to be a combination of groan and snort, and instantly disappeared again.

O dear! O dear! I had felt myself uncomfortable before—but now? It was as if I had sprung up and shouted, "Say, I am Miss Morris!" Every one gazed at me openly now, as if I were a conundrum, and they were trying to guess me. I honestly believe I should have broken down under the strain in a moment more, but fortunately a slender little man made his silent appearance at one of the doors, and took off his immaculate silk hat, revealing the thin blond hair, the big, pale blue pop-eyes of James Lewis. I expected no greeting now even from a former friend. He shook hands all round, glanced at me, and passed by, then looked back, came back, and held out his hand, saying: "You stuck-up little brute. I knew you in aprons and pig-tails, and now you

ain't going to speak to me. How are you, Clara ?''

While I was huskily answering him, a big woman appeared at the door. Her garments were aggressively rich, and lockets (it was a great year for lockets) dangled from both wrists, from her watch-chain, and from her neck-chain. She glittered with diamonds (in a street-dress which might also have answered for a dinner-dress). I laughed to myself as I thought what a prize she would be for pirates. Then I looked at her handsome face, and as our eyes met, we recognized each other perfectly—but my lesson being learned I made no sign. I had no wish to presume, and she—looked over my head.

CLARA MORRIS.

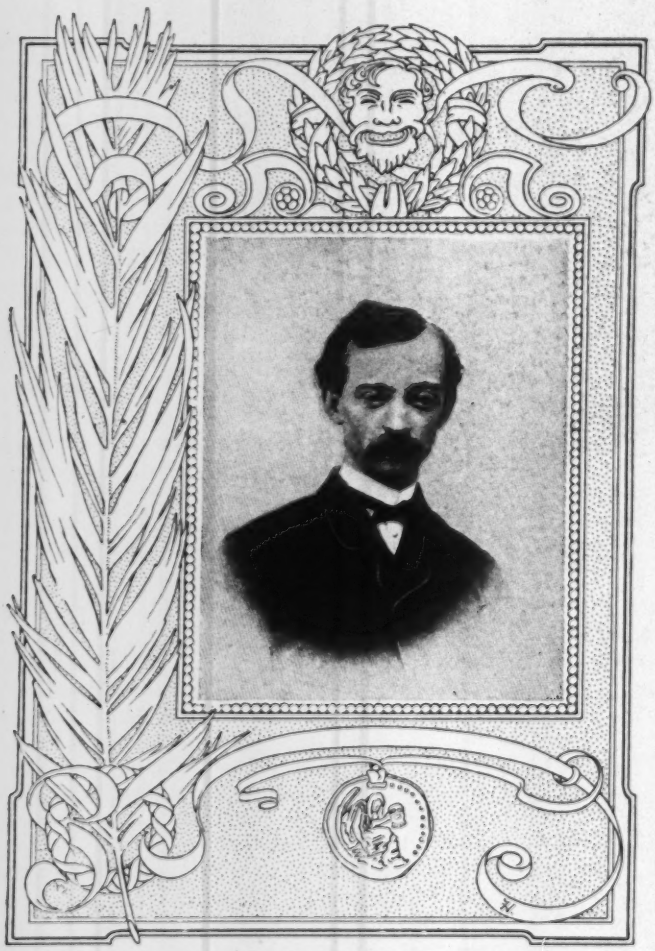
M. Bennot, the Frenchman who died in harness early in the season, poor little gentleman! came in then with the MSS. and the parts of the play, "Man and Wife." Silence came upon the company. As M. Bennot called Mr. or Miss So-and-so, he or she ad-

vanced and received the part assigned to each. "Miss Clara Morris!" I rose stiffly —I had sat so long in my corner—and received rather a bulky part. I bowed silently and resumed my seat, but the place was for a moment only a black, windy void—I had seen the name on my part: I was cast for "Blanche," a comedy part!

As I came back to my real surroundings, M. Bennot was saying: "Eleven o'clock sharp to-morrow, ladies and gentlemen, for rehearsal."

People began hurrying out. I waited a little, till nearly all were gone, whispering, "Miss Ethel for '*Anne*'—Miss Ethel for '*Anne*,'" when the handsome "Argosy of wealth" sailed up to me, and in a voice of sweet uncertainty said: "I wonder if you can possibly recognize me?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, smiling broadly, "we recognized each other at the moment you entered, Miss Newton."



JAMES LEWIS.

She reddened, and stammered something about "not being quite sure—and out West, and now here," and as she was even prettier than when I had last seen her, I told her so, and—we were happy ever after.

Then I slipped out of the theater and crossed to Twenty-first Street safely, but could control my grief and pain, my mortification and my disappointment, no longer. Tears would have their way, and I held my sunshade low before my tear-washed, grieving face. Those little ill-suppressed smiles at my clothes, those slightly lifted eyebrows! —and there was not even a single introduction to shelter me to-morrow—and as to "Blanche"—"Oh," I thought, "let her wait till I get home."

At last mother opened the door for me. I flung the hat from my aching head, and as she silently tied a wet handkerchief about my throbbing temples, I blurted out three words, "*A comedy part!*" and fell face downward on the bed, and cried until there was not a tear left in me, and considering my record as a shedder of tears, that's saying a good deal. Afterward I knelt down and hid my shamed face in the pillow and asked forgiveness from the ever-pitiful and patient One above, and prayed for a clear understanding of the part entrusted to me. Oh, don't be shocked! I have prayed over my work all my life long, and I can't think the Father despises any labor that is done to His honor. And I humbly gave over any further thought of "Anne;" and praying pardon for the folly of "kicking against the pricks" and wasting my scant strength in useless passion, I retired, at peace with myself, the world, and even "Blanche."

Next morning a curious thing happened. I heard, or thought I heard, the words: "The first shall be last and the last shall be first," and I called from my bed, "Did you speak to me, mother?" and she answered, "No."

As I sat over my coffee and rolls, I said absently: "The first shall be last, and the *last* shall be first."

"What do you mean?" mother asked.

"Nothing," I said. "The words were in my ears when I awoke, and they keep coming back to me."

I rose and dressed for rehearsal. As I drew on my gloves I heard a hurried voice asking for me in the hall. I recognized it as M. Bennot's. My heart sank like lead. Was even the comedy part to be taken from me? I opened the door. Out of breath the little man gasped: "I so come quite quick for Monsieur Da-*lay*. He make me to ask you right away, very quick, can you play that part of 'Anne'?"

My breath came in gasps. I might have been the runner. I answered briefly: "Yes."

"Then," said he, "here give you to me that other part, 'Blanche.'"

I gave it joyously.

"Take you now this of 'Anne' and make of the great haste to Monsieur Da-lay's office—before the — *comprenez-vous?* — before that you go on the stage—or see any one else—he want you to make some lies, I t'ink—so you best hurry!"

FANNY DAVENPORT.

"Mother! Mother!" I cried. As she ran I held out to her the part, "Anne Sylvester" written large on it. She looked and said: "The last shall be first!" and kissing me, pushed me toward the stairs.

I almost ran in my anxiety to obey orders. My mind was in a state of happy confusion. What could it all mean? The announcement had been distinctly made only yesterday that Miss Agnes Ethel would play "Anne." Was she ill? had she met with an accident? And why should Mr. Daly wish to see me privately? Could he be going to ask me to read the part over to him? Oh, dear Heaven forbid! for I could much more successfully fly up into the blue sky.

The stairs that led down from the sidewalk to the stage-door passed across the one—the only—window of the entire basement, which let a modicum of light into a tiny den, intended originally for the janitor's use, but taken by Mr. Daly for his private office. Here the great guiding intelligence of the entire establishment was located; here he dreamed dreams and spun webs, watching over the incomings, the outgoings, the sayings and the doings of every soul in the company. He would have even regulated their thoughts if he could. I once said to him after a rehearsal: "If you could, sir, while in the theater, at least, you would force us all to think only 'Hail Daly!'"

He laughed a little and then rather grimly remarked: "That speech made to any one else would have cost you five dollars, Miss Morris. But if you have absolutely *no* reverence, neither have you fear, so let it pass." And I never said "Thank you" more sincerely in my life, for I could ill afford jests at five dollars apiece.

But that morning of the first rehearsal, as I hurried down the stairs, the shade was drawn up high, and through the window I saw Mr. Daly sitting, swinging about in his desk-chair. Before I could tap he called for me to enter. He was very pale, very rumpled, very tired-looking. He wasted no time over greetings or formalities, but curtly

asked: "Can you play 'Anne Sylvester'?" And almost as curtly I answered: "Yes, sir."

The calm certainty of my tone seemed to comfort him; he relaxed his seemingly strained muscles, and sank back into his chair. He passed his long, thin fingers wearily across his closed eyes several times; then, as he opened them, he asked sharply, "Can you obey orders?"

"Yes," I answered, "I've been obeying orders all my life long."

"Well," he said, "can you keep quiet—that's the thing? Can you keep quiet about this part?"

I stared silently at him.

"This thing is between ourselves. Now are you going to tell the people all about when you received it?"

I smiled a little bitterly as I replied: "I am hardly likely to tell my business affairs to people who do not speak to me."

He looked up quickly, for I stood all the time, and asked: "What's that—don't speak to you? Were you not welcomed——"

I broke his speech with laughter. But he would not smile. "Were you not properly treated? Who was lacking in courtesy?"

"Oh, please," I hurried, "don't blame any one. You see, there were no introductions made, and, of course, I should have remembered that the hospitality of the East is more—er—well, cautious than that of the West; and besides, I must look very woolly and wild to your people."

"Ah!" he broke in, "then, in a measure, the fault is mine, since worry and trouble kept me away from the greenroom. But Bennot should have made introductions in my place—and—well, I'm ashamed of the women. Cats! cats!"

"Oh, no," I laughed, "not yet, surely not yet!"

Suddenly he returned to the part: "You will tell the people that you were to play 'Anne' in the first place."

"But, Mr. Daly," I cried, "the whole company saw me receive the part of 'Blanche.'"

He gnawed at the end of his mustache in frowning thought. "One woman to whom it belongs refuses the part," he said. "Another woman, who can't play it, demands it from me, and I want to stop her mouth by making her believe the part was given to you before I knew her desire for it. Do you see?"

Yes; with round eyes of astonishment I saw that this almost tyrannically high-handed ruler had some one to placate, some one to deceive.

"You will therefore tell the people you received 'Anne' last night?"

I was silent, hot, miserable.

"Do you hear?" he asked angrily. "Good God! everything goes wrong. The idiot that was to dramatize the story of 'Man and Wife' for me has failed in his work; the play is announced, and I have been up all night writing and arranging a last act for it myself. If Miss Davenport thinks she has been refused 'Anne,' she will take her revenge by refusing to play 'Blanche,' and the cast is so full, it will require all my people—you *must* say you received the part last night."

"Mr. Daly," I said, "won't you please trust to my discretion? I don't like lying, even for my daily bread; but if silence is golden, a discreet silence is away above rubies."

He struck his hand angrily on the desk before him: "Miss Morris, when I give an order——"

Up went my head: "Mr. Daly, I have nothing to do with your private affairs; any business order——"

Heaven knows where we would have brought up, had not a sudden darkness come into the little room—a woman quickly passed the window. Mr. Daly sprang to his feet, caught my fingers in a frantic squeeze, and pushing me from the door rapidly, said: "Yes, yes. Well, do your best with it. I'm very glad Bennot found you last night!" Then, turning to the newcomer, who had not been present the day before, he cheerfully exclaimed: "Well, you didn't lose to-day's train, I see. I have a charming comedy part for you. Come in."

She went in and the storm broke, for as I felt my way through the passage leading to the stage-stairs I heard its rolling and rumbling, and two dimly seen men in front of me laughed, while one, pointing over his shoulder toward the office, sneered meaningly: "Ethel stock is going down, isn't it?"

Somehow I felt degraded, and almost I wished I was back in a family theater. Upstairs I found a bare stage, as is often the case for a first mere reading of parts, and most of the company sitting on camp-stools, chatting and laughing. Already M. Bennot had announced the change in the cast, and people looked at me in perfect stupefaction. "Good Heavens, what a risk he is taking! Who on earth is she anyway?" And I

AUGUSTIN DALY.

cleared my throat in mercy to the speaker, who didn't know I stood behind her.

That morning I was introduced to a number of the ladies and gentlemen, but it was a mere baptism of water, not of the spirit. I was not one of them. Understand, no one was openly rude to me, every one bowed a "good-morning." But, well, you can bow a good-morning over a large, iron fence with a fast-locked gate in it. That my dresses of gray linen or of white linen struck them as being funny in September is not to be wondered at, yet they must have known that necessity forced me to wear them, and that their smiles were not always effaced quickly enough to spare me a cruel pang. And my amazement grew day by day at their own extravagance of dress. Some of the ladies wore a different costume each day during the entire rehearsal of the play. How, I wondered, could they do it? Two of them, Miss Kate Claxton and Miss Newton, had husbands to pay their bills, I found; and Miss Linda Dietz, the gentlest, most sweetly courteous creature imaginable, had parents and a home; but the magnificence

of the others remained an unsolvable mystery.

Another thing against me was, I could not act even the least bit at rehearsal. Foreign actors will act in cold blood at a daylight rehearsal, but few Americans can do it. I read my lines with intelligence, but gave no sign of what I intended to do at night. Of course that made Mr. Daly suffer great anxiety, but he said nothing, only looked at me with such troubled, anxious eyes that I felt sorry for him. One gentleman, however, decided that I was—not to put too fine a point upon it—"a lunkhead." He treated me with supercilious condescension, varied occasionally with overbearing tyranny. Just one person in the theater knew that I was really a good actress, of considerable experience, and that was James Lewis; and from a tricksy spirit of mischief he kept the silence of a graven image, and when Mr. Dan Hardkins took me aside to teach me to act, Lewis would retire to a quiet spot and writhe with suppressed laughter.

LINDA DIETZ.

One day he said to me: "Say, you ain't cooking up a huge joke on these gas-balloons, are you, Clara? And upon my soul, you are doing it well, you act as green as a cucumber."

And never did I succeed in convincing him that I had not engineered a great joke on the company by deceptive rehearsing. One tiny incident seemed to give Mr. Daly a touch of confidence in me. In the "Inn scene" a violent storm was raging, and at a critical moment the candle was supposed to be blown out by a gust of wind from the left door as one of the characters entered. They were using a mechanical device for extinguishing the candle, and it was tried several times one morning, and always, to my surprise, from the *right* side of the stage. No one seemed to notice anything odd, though the flame streamed out good and long in the wrong direction before going out. At last I ventured, as I was the principal in the scene: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but is it not the wind from the open door that blows that light out?"

Then quick and sharp mine enemy was upon me: "This is *our* affair, Miss Morris."

"Yes," I answered, "but the house will laugh if the candle goes out *against* the storm." And Mr. Daly sprang up, and smiling his first kindly smile at me, said: "What the deuce have we all been thinking of! You're right, the candle must be extinguished from the left." And as I glanced across the stage I saw Lewis doing some neat little dancing steps all by himself.

The rehearsals were exhausting in the extreme, the heat was unnatural, the walk far too long, and—well, to be frank, I had not nearly enough to eat. My anxiety was growing hourly, my strength began to fail, and at the last rehearsals, white as wax from weakness, I had to be carried up the stairs to the stage. Having such a quick study, requiring but few rehearsals, I was from the fourth day ready at any moment to go on and play my part. Fancy, then, what a waste of strength there was in forcing me day after day to go over long, important scenes, three, five, even seven times of a morning, for the benefit of one amateur actress who simply could not remember to-day what she had been told yesterday. It was foolish, it was risking a break-down, when they had no one to put in my place. Mr. William Davidge was the next greatest sufferer, and as an experienced old actor, he hotly resented being called back to go over a scene again and again, "that a 'walking vanity' might be taught her business at his expense."

And though I liked and admired the "walking vanity" (who did not in the least deserve the name), I did think the manner of her

training was costly and unjust, and one morning, just before the production of the play, I—luckily as it would seem—lost my self-control for a moment and created a small sensation. In my individual case, fainting is always preceded by a moment of total darkness, and that again by a sound in my ears as of a rushing wind.

That morning as I finished the sixth repetition of "Anne's" big scene with "Lady Glenarm," the warning whir was already in my ears, when the order came to go over it again, "that 'Mrs. Glenarm' might be quite easy."

It was too much—a sudden rage seized upon me. "'Mrs. Glenarm' will only be quite easy when the rest of us are dead," I remarked, as I took my place again, and when I received my cue, I whirled upon her, with the speech: "'Take care, Mrs. Glenarm! I am not naturally a patient woman. Trouble has done much to tame my temper, but endurance has its limits!'"

AGNES ETHEL.

It was given with such savage passion that Miss Dietz burst into frightened tears and forgot utterly her lines, while a silence that thrilled, absolute dead silence, came upon the company for a moment. Hastily I controlled myself, but there were whispers and amazed looks everywhere. Mr. George Brown, who played the pugilist, said aloud to a group: "She's done the whole crowd; she's an actress to the core!"

Mr. Daly sat leaning forward at the prompt-table, white as he could well be. His eyes were wide and bright, and to my surprise he spoke quite gently to me, as he said: "Spare yourself, just murmur your lines, Miss Morris." And Miss Dietz said: "Oh, Mr. Daly, I am so glad I am prepared. I should have fallen in my tracks if she had done that to me at night, without warning."

When I left the stage one of the ladies swept her dress aside and said: "Sit here by me. How tired you must be!" It was the first friendly advance made to me. Before rehearsal ended I overheard the young man with the bald head saying: "She has sold us all, and I bet she will completely change the map of the Fifth Avenue Theater."

"Oh, no, she won't," answered Lewis shortly. "She's not that type of woman."

"Well, at all events, on the strength of that outburst, I ain't afraid to bet twenty good dollars that she makes pie out of Ethel's vogue." Then, seeing me, he removed his hat hurriedly, offering his shoulder for me to lean upon as I descended the winding stairs, and I said to myself: "Yesterday this would have been a kindly service, today it is not far from an humiliation."

Hitherto I had known neither clique nor cabal in a theater; now I found myself in a network of them. The *favorite*, who, I had supposed, lived only in the historic novel, I now met in real life, and found her as charming, as treacherous, and as troublesome in the theater as she could ever have been in a royal court. There was no one to explain to me the nature or progress of the game that was being played when I came upon the scene. But I soon discovered there were two factions in the theater, Miss Agnes Ethel heading one, Miss Fanny Davenport the other. Each had a following, but Miss Ethel, who had been all powerful, had overestimated her strength when she refused point blank to play "Anne Sylvester," giving as her reason "the immorality of 'Anne.'" This was from the lady who had been acting all season in "Fernando" and "Frou Frou," as a gambler's decoy and an adulterous wife, abandoning child and home, satisfactorily proving the utter absence of a sense of humor from her charming make-up.

Mr. Daly, like every other man, could be

managed with a little patient *finesse*, but he would not be bullied in business affairs by any living creature, as he proved when, rather than change the play to please the actress he then regarded as his strongest card, he trusted a great part to the hands of an unknown, untried girl, and gave out to the newspapers that Miss Ethel had sprained her ankle, and, though in perfect health, could not walk well enough to act. After my momentary outburst the anti-Ethelites suddenly placed me on one of the sixty-four squares of their chess-board, but I knew not whether I was castle, knight, bishop, or pawn. I only knew that I had become a piece of value in their game, and they hoped to move me against—Ethel.

It was all very bewildering, but I had other things to think about, and more important. My money had run so low I was desperately afraid I could not get dresses for the play, and for the white mousseline necessary for the croquet party of the first act I was forced to go to a very cheap department store, a fact the dress nightly proclaimed aloud from every inch of its surface.

Shawl dresses were the novelty of that season, and at Stewart's I found a modestly priced dark-gray shawl overskirt and jacket, that I could wear over a black alpaca skirt for two acts. The other two dresses I luckily had in my wardrobe, and when my new shoes, a long gray veil, and two pairs of gray gloves were laid into the dressing-room basket, I had in the whole world two dollars and thirty-eight cents, on which we had to live until my first week's salary came to me. But, oh! that last awful day before the opening night I was suffering bodily as well as mentally. I had had an alarming attack of pleurisy. My mother had rung the bell and left a message at the first house that carried a doctor's sign. He came, he was far gone in liquor, he was obstinate, almost abusive—to be brief, he blistered me shockingly; another doctor had to be called to dress and treat the hideous blisters the first had produced, and the tight closing of dress-waists about me was an agony not yet forgotten. But what was that to the nervous terror, the icy chill, the burning fever, the deadly nausea! I could not swallow food—I *could* not. My mother stood over me while, with tear-filled eyes, I disposed of a raw, beaten egg. And then she was guilty of the dreadful extravagance of buying two chops, of which she made a cup of broth. Fearing a break-down if I attempted without food five such acts as awaited me, she almost forced me to swallow it to the last drop, after my hat was on, and I was ready to start. I always kissed my mother good-by, and that night my lips were so cold and stiff with fright that they would not move. I dropped my head for a moment upon her shoulder; she patted me silently with one hand and opened the door with the other. My little dog, escaping from the room, rushed to me, leaping against my knees. I caught her up, and she covered my troubled, veiled face with frantic kisses. I passed her to mother and crept painfully down the steps. I glanced back. Mother waved her hand and innocently called: "Good luck! God bless you!"

The astonishing conjunction of superstition and orthodox faith touched my sense of the ridiculous. I laughed aloud. Bertie barked excitedly. I faced about and went forward almost gayly to meet—what? As I reached Broadway I remember quite distinctly that I said aloud to myself, "Well, God's good to the Irish; and at all events I was born on St. Patrick's Day, so Garryowen forever!"

The pendulum was swinging to the other extreme: I was in high spirits. Nor need you be surprised, for such is the acting temperament.

I had not on that first night even the comfort of a dressing-room to myself, but shared one of the tiniest closets with Mrs. Roberta Norwood, in whose *chic* blond person I failed utterly to see a future friend. The terrible heat, the crowding, the strange companion, all brought back the memory of that far-away first night of all, in Cleveland; but now there was no Mrs. Bradshaw to go to for advice or commendation. The sense of utter loneliness came upon me suddenly, and I bent my head low over the buckling of my shoe, that my rising tears might not be noticed.

We were directly beneath the auditorium parquette, and every seat flung down by the ushers seemed to strike a blow upon our heads, while applause shook dust into our eyes and hair. Forced occupation is the best cure for nervousness, and in the hurried making-up and dressing I, for the time, forgot my fright. Two or three persons had come to the door to speak to Mrs. Norwood, and it seemed to me they were all made-up unusually pale. I looked at myself in the glass, I hesitated; at last I turned and asked if I wore too much color, if I was too red? And my answer was: "That's a matter of taste."

Now it was not a matter of taste, but a matter of business. She was familiar with the size and the lighting of the theater, and I was not. Yet either from extreme self-occupation or utter indifference, she allowed me to go upon that tiny stage painted like an Indian about to take the war-path. Truly I was climbing up a thorny stem to reach the flower of success.

MRS. GILBERT.

The overture was at its closing bars. All were rushing to the stairs for the first act. I stopped behind the dressing-room door and bent my head for one dumbly pleading moment. Then, muttering "Amen! amen!" I, too, hurried up the stairs to face the awful first appearance before a New York audience.

I had always been rehearsed to enter with the crowd of guests. The cue came, and as I stepped forward, a strong hand caught my arm. Mr. Daly had suddenly changed his mind. He held me fast till all were on, then let me go, whispering, "Now, now," and I went on alone.

I had to retire to the back of the stage and wait a few moments till spoken to. Never shall I forget the sort of horror the closeness of the audience caused me. I felt I should step upon the upturned faces; I wanted to put out my hands and push the

people back; and their use of opera-glasses filled my eyes with angry tears. Suddenly I understood the meaning of the lightly painted faces. I raised my handkerchief and wiped some of the red from my cheeks, while, a bit bitterly I am afraid, I thought that "Love ye one another," and "thy neighbor as thyself," had been relegated to the garret with "God bless our home."

Then the astonishing beauty of the women on the stage struck me with dismay, their exquisite lacy dresses, their jewel-loaded fingers. Oh, I thought, how can I ever hope to stand with them? I grew sick and cold. Then there dully reached my ears the words of "Lady Lundy": "I choose Anne Sylvester."

It was my cue. I came slowly down. No one knew me, no one greeted me. I opened my lips, but no sound came. I saw a frightened look on Miss Newton's face. I tried again, and in a husky whisper answered: "Thank you, I'd rather not play."

Out in the front one actor friend, John W. Norton, watched and prayed for a success for me. When he heard the hoarse murmur he dropped his head and groaned: "A failure—total and complete!" But I also had noted that hoarse croak, and it had acted like a mighty spur. I was made desperate by it. I threw up my head and answered my next cue with: "No, Lady Lundy, nothing is the matter; I am not very well, but I will play if you wish it."

I gave the words so bell-clear, and with so much insolent humility, that a round of applause of lightning quickness followed them. It was the first bit of genuine hearty kindness I had received in the city of New York. In my pleasure I forgot the character of "Anne" completely, and turned to the audience a face, every feature of which, from wide-surprised eyes to more widely smiling lips, radiated such satisfaction and good-fellowship that they first laughed aloud, and then a second time applauded.

At last! I was starting fair. We had shaken hands, my audience and I. My nerves were steady, my heart strong, the part good. I would try hard, I would do my best. I made my whispered appointment to meet "Geoffrey," and when I returned and stood a moment, silently watching him, there came upon the house that silence that my soul loves, the silence that might thrill a graven image into acting—and I was not stone.

Our scene began. As "Anne," striving desperately to restrain her feelings, said: "You are rich, a scholar and a gentleman, are you something else beside all these—*are you a coward and a villain, sir?*"

Clear and distinct from the right box, in suppressed tones, came the words: "Larmes de la voix! Larmes de la voix!" Many glanced at the box, a few hissed impatiently at the new mayor, Oakey Hall, who had spoken. Our interview was interrupted by "Lady Lundy" (Miss Newton) and "Sir Patrick Lundy" (Mr. Lewis). I was dismissed by the first, and left the stage. Applause broke forth—continued. Mr. Lewis and Miss Newton began to speak. The applause redoubled. I turned angrily. "What bad manners!" I said. Mr. Daly ran up to me, waving his hands: "Go on! go on! It's you, you fool!"

"I know it," I replied, "but I'm not going to insult any actor by taking a call in the middle of his scene."

"Confound you!" he said. "Will you do as I tell you?" He caught me, whirled me about, and, putting his hand between my shoulders, literally pitched me on to the stage, where I stood ashamed and mortified by what I honestly felt to be a slight to those two waiting to go on.

After that the evening's triumph, like the rolling snow-ball, grew as it advanced. At the end of the quarrel act with "Mrs. Glenarm" the curtain was raised on the stage picture—once, twice, three times. Then M. Bennot said to Mr. Daly: "They want her." And Mr. Daly answered sharply: "I know what they want, and I know what I don't want. Ring up again!"

He did so. No use, the applause went on. Then Mr. Daly said to me: "Take 'Mrs. Glenarm' on with you and acknowledge this call."

We went on together; retired; more applause. Again we went on together. No use, the applause *would not* stop. "Oh, well, ring up once more," said Mr. Daly, "and here, you take it yourself."

I went on alone, and the audience rose as one individual. I saw them all blurred through happy tears. I held my hands out to them with a very passion of love. The house blossomed with white waving handkerchiefs in answer. The curtain fell, and, before I moved, rose once more. And then, as I live by bread, I saw pass between me and those applauding people a little crying child carrying a single potato in her hand. Of course that was nerves, but I saw her, I tell you I saw her (and surely I should know myself).

In the fourth act, which was a triumph for all concerned in it—and that meant nearly every one in the cast—I received a compliment that I prize still. There is a certain tone which should be reserved for short, important speeches only, in strong and exciting scenes, where by force of contrast it has a great effect. So in tones low, level, clear, and cold as ice "Anne" had scarcely taken her solemn oath: "I swear it, on my honor as a Christian woman!" when from end to end of their railed-in semicircle, the musicians broke into swift applause. Catching the effect, their foreign impetuosity made them respond more quickly than could the Americans, who seconded their action; while the mere recognition of these play-worn, *blasé* men was to me veritable incense. In the last act Mrs. Gilbert, as "Hester Detheridge," the supposed dumb woman, proved herself an artist to the finger-tips. Later I saw many "Hesters," but never one to equal hers.

At last and late, far too late, the play ended in a blaze of glory. The curtain was raised for final compliments. All the actors in the play had been summoned; we all stood in line—a bowing, smiling, happy line—facing a shouting, hat-, handkerchief-, or cane-waving crowd of pleased, excited people. As I saw how many eyes were turned my way, with a leap of the heart I repeated: "If you make a favorable impression, I will —yes, I will double that salary."

Surely, I thought, no one can doubt that I have made a favorable impression—and oh, mother, we shall be so happy! Just then I caught the eye of a young girl—I could have touched her outstretched hand, she was so close. She gave me a lovely smile, and, taking from her bosom a bunch of scarlet carnations, she threw them herself. They fell on the stage. One of the actors picked them up, and, turning, handed them to "Blanche." I heard the disappointed "Oh!" and caught her eyes again, when, regardless of all the rules and regulations forbidding communication with the audience, I smiled and kissed my hand to her. As the curtain fell, in an instant every one was talking with every one else. I had begun alone —well, I must end alone. I slipped down the staircase least used, and at its foot met Mr. George Brown, who was waiting for me. He took my hands in his, and gave me both commendation and congratulation, though they were stayed and braced with unconscious profanity. And I squeezed his hands hard and said: "You are so good—oh, you are so good! but please take care, I'm afraid you'll get forfeited," when he cried: "D—n the forfeit, it's worth a few dollars to speak as you feel sometimes, so good-night!"

I scrambled into my street-clothes, caught up the inevitable bag, and fairly rushed from the theater. And as I came up from that place of moldy smell and burnt-out air, and lifted my face to the stupendous beauty of the heavens, sniffing delightedly at the cool, pure night air, suddenly I thought how delicious must have been the first long breath young Lazarus drew when, obeying the Divine command, he "came forth" from the tomb.

Tired, excited, I hurried to carry my news to the two who awaited me—my mother and my dog. At the corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway I had to pass around a party of ladies and gentlemen, who stood talking there, and a lady said as I passed: "No, no; it's Morris, I tell you. See, here it is: Clara Morris." She held up a folded programme, pointing out the name to a gentleman beside her. I laughed happily. Odd bits of the evening's happenings kept appearing before me like pictures. Sometimes I saw the unknown young girl's smiling face and the scarlet flowers I failed to receive. Sometimes 'twas Mr. Daly's angry one, as he pitched me on the stage to acknowledge a compliment I did not want, great as it was. Most often I saw the faces of the lovely women of the company. What a galaxy of beauty they made! the stately Newton, the already full-blown, buxom Davenport, the tall, slender, deer-eyed Dietz, the Oriental Volmer, the auburn-haired Claxton, the blond Norwood. There were just two women in that company who were not beauties—Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Morris. Even they were wholesome, pleasant women, who did not frighten horses by any means, but still, if you speak of beauty —why, next, please.

At last I saw the lighted windows that told me home was near. Then up the stairs, where there bounded upon my breast the little black-and-tan bundle of love and devotion, called Bertie the loyal, whose fervid greetings made the removal of my hat so difficult a job that it was through the tangle of hat, veil, and wriggling dog I cried at last: "It's all right, Mumsey—a success! Lots and lots of calls, dear! And, oh, is there anything to eat? I am so hungry!"

So while the new actress's name was float-

ing over many a dainty restaurant supper, its owner sat beneath one gas jet, between mother and pet, eating a large piece of bread and a small piece of cheese. And thankful for both, she talked to her small circle of admirers, telling them all about it, and winding up supper and talk with the declaration: "Mother, I believe the hearts are just the same whether they beat against Western ribs or Eastern ribs!"

Then, supper over, I stumbled through my old-time "Now I lay me," and adding some blurred words of gratitude (God must be so well used to sleepy thanks, but very wide-awake entreaties), I fell asleep, knowing that through God's mercy and my own hard work I was the first Western actress who had ever been accepted by a New York audience. And as I drowsed off I murmured to myself: "And I'll leave the door open now that I've opened it; I'll leave it open for all others."

THE ROCKS OF MORAGA.

By Mortimer O. Wilcox.

AT the hotel for Americans which used to front the sea, the outcast white men in Baguak gathered as the hours went by and discussed their situation.

They filled the place with a hubbub of dissenting voices, a shifting, uncertain crowd, the refuse largely of our Army of the Philippines. Hardly a man of them but had found it better for his health to leave Manila for this out-of-the-way port from which the last steamer now had hurried. Baguak, too far to the south, was not worth holding; the American forces had withdrawn from it that day; and these Americans had not been invited to follow into safety. Their discontent was none the less because they deserved no better. They were obliged to turn for comfort to Amigo James, the educated chief of a Filipino tribe; and of him they had their doubts. He, however, had sworn eternal friendship and blood-brotherhood; and the wild Melanao men from the interior were swarming down upon the exposed coast, clouds of open enemies who shut off Baguak from the eastward.

"And what's the matter with Amigo James?" bawled one Fitzmorris above the din. "He treats us like gentlemen, anyway." Fitzmorris had been a contractor, more thrifty than patriotic, and was lucky not to be in irons.

"Amigo James is all right," replied Jimmie Peters, "only,—oh, well, he and the U. S. ain't such awful friends, I guess. And that's all right, too. Let's stay with him, I say, wherever he goes." Jimmie was spokesman for half a dozen other mutinous, red-eyed ex-privates, who all professed to be discharged men, although three at least had deserted from the colors. With a magnificent irresponsibility, they were trying to get drunk now in the presence of unknown perils.

Young Harry French stood and looked with disdain at the brawling roomful. There are two ways to bring out the innate decency of a man—to let him have good surroundings, or to put him among conditions which are too vile, and trust to the force of natural reaction. "Oh, let's don't be babies," he advised. "Let's try to act like white men. We might get through them yet."

This suggestion found no favor with the others, infected already with an Oriental fatalism. French made it principally to ease his own mind, and afterward went out and sat in the veranda, as the coolest place in the dripping tropical night. There was a man named Clayton Allen smoking here, and the two tilted back their chairs and put their heels up higher than their heads, like good Americans. Allen had had some kind of a business in Baguak, and knew the islands pretty well.

"What do you think of this?" asked French.

"Well," replied the other, "I have my idea of Amigo James. Still, I guess that he's not in with the Melanaos yet, and he might make a good thing of it by standing as our friend. He's playing this for what it's worth, like a sensible man. To be sure, most of us are on the outs with our Uncle Sam. You are not though, are you?"

"No," replied Harry, "I guess I'd pass

all right. That doesn't help me : here I am, and I don't get back any more than the rest."

"Well," said Allen, "there ain't any search-warrants out for me either, that I know of. Just the same I haven't any great use for the government. I don't much believe in Amigo James, and the fellows in there won't listen to me, but I guess I'll have to stay with them. What little stuff I have is here ; what I want is to get back peaceably to the States with enough to keep me alive. I've been out here for sixteen years now ; I'm on the wrong side of the forties." He pulled at his cigar in joyless reminiscence. "I was foolish back there," he added, " but I've learned one thing—that it doesn't pay to be sentimental. No, sir ; you're doing about enough if you look out for yourself."

These cynical reflections were interrupted by an outcry from the roomful of men. A figure had bounded in from the street, gesticulating and chattering fluently : the light of a torch flared upon the swarthy face and snow-white clothes. "The Melanao men are in the upper town," cried Amigo James. "They are getting up guns to cannonade the city at daybreak. Brothers, we must go."

One of the ex-privates lunged up against him unsteadily and stared. "Why couldn't we join forces with you and stand them off?" a voice cried.

"You do not understand. They are in the upper town. And they are coming all the while—thousands of them. No, we must go to Moraga now ; there is the only safety. You are our brothers and we will all go together."

"That's business," said Fitzmorris. "Let's go to Moraga then. I'll look after you.

" ' The Melanao men are in the upper town,' cried Amigo James."

The United States won't do nothing for us, and we don't owe it nothing. And we won't be missed."

Jimmie Peters strolled to the door, and met French coming in. "Get ready," he said to him. "We're all going to Moraga —wherever that is. But let's call around and wake up The American Citizen. Pity to leave him behind."

The two young fellows walked to the rear of the building, shook open a door, and entered a little room. They struck matches noisily, and a native Filipino awoke with a yell, and then raised a reflective brow from a heap of blankets. He was called The Citizen because his real name was hard to pronounce, and because he was an enthusiast.

"He struck . . . two quick and furious blows."

"Come on," said Harry French. "Come and see the country. We've all got to forsake our native land and go among the heathen." He was staring about him as he spoke. "So this is your home, is it?" he asked.

"And my schoolroom," replied The Citizen, with proud regret. "Here, as well as I may, I teach the American civilization to the young who will come to me." He nodded solemnly toward the wall, on which was displayed a map of the United States, as furnished by some railroad timetable.

"I point to that," explained The Citizen, swelling with the great idea. "I instruct them that they, too, may become citizens there; they, too, have a share in that great world, and rise by merit to the lofty heights."

"Think of it!" responded Jimmie Peters. "And go to Congress, mebbe. Wouldn't that be grand! Well, bring it along as a keepsake, Citizen." The Citizen rolled up the blankets, the map, and one or two other articles, and meekly trotted after them.

Already Amigo James's people were coming in from various points with their belongings, ready for a march. Fires were beginning to flare up redly in different parts of the town, dogs and people howled in the panic, and now and then the sound of shots came running and echoing down the pandemonial streets. Day dawned on the little group of outcast Westerners leaving the city by the southern side. They stopped and looked back after a while: the broad daylight had come, but another sort of night had fallen again on Baguak. In the blazing streets, before they fairly cleared them, men had been put to death by tortures quaint and curious.

"But they're used to it by now," explained Clayton Allen. "Town's been getting that sort of thing from the Malay pirates off and on for three hundred years."

"Good thing we're out," said Fitzmorris. "Oh, I saw from the start that our play was to go along as the friends of Amigo James."

"Yes, or his prisoners," observed Allen, musingly.

The idea did not affect the others much. They had an impression that their departure was a proper rebuke to the United States, and one that would be remembered. Before them stretched an unmapped world; they passed a hill which had been visible from Baguak, and when this had faded into the mist behind them, it was as though a gate had closed which had shut out the old lives. They went on and on—principally because they were started—across rivers and mountain ranges, and down through fragrant valleys. It occurred to some of them that it would not be a bad idea to linger in these places and allow the docile natives to wait upon them forevermore. But Moraga lay beyond.

Amigo James, the ever plausible, took pains to keep them in good heart. Moraga was always just a little farther on, but was a lovely town, and there they might rest in perfect safety. Were they not his friends? "Well," remarked Allen one day to the others, "I don't know that we need come to grief—not if he will hold off from the Melanao men. We might be kind of good cards for him to play; his allies, you know, who can't approve of our own government, and who have gone over to join him. Understand?"

Harry French started up in wrath. "You wouldn't do that?" he exclaimed.

The older man looked at him with contracted brows. "Oh, I'm not saying," he replied. "But what property I've got is in the reach of Amigo's people. And I rather think it will be that or trouble." Afterward, however, in private he promised French not to agree to anything without a vote of the party.

Fear was now beginning to take hold on them, but they covered it over with grumbling, or attempted jokes. The Citizen, who knew as little of this strange country as any of them, was the object of their hollow mirth. Somebody had taught him to play upon a mouth-organ about half through one piece: "She had Never Seen the Streets of Cairo." They assured him, that this was a national air of the land which he so adored; and his painful tootings used to sound out like a dirge in the evening from the camping places, to the amazement of the tribes who silently opened before them and closed in upon their rear.

One day, just before dusk, they crossed a river and made camp on the farther side. The panic was visibly increasing, and Amigo James addressed them in flowers of speech to make them feel easy. He took several oaths that their enemies were his enemies, and that Moraga was just beyond the next hill. After he was gone, the Americans held a council, and Allen summed up matters: "We've got to seem to trust him; we can't go back. It may be all right. But we'll need to stay well together now, and keep our eyes well open."

Fitzmorris sneered sickly. "Much good that will do us here," he said. "Oh, why did we ever come to such a place!"

Later, when the camp was quiet, Allen took Harry French to one side. "I don't know," said he, "but I rather think that Amigo James has been away talking business with the Melanao men. If he has, it's all off. We must go along with him, dear friends and all that, until he shows his hand, and if it's what I'm beginning to believe on, well, we're an armed party; we can make them awfully sick for a few minutes anyway. And as Fitzmorris said, we won't be missed."

The younger man sat in gloomy reflection. "I hate this," he exclaimed. "Trickery on both sides! What's the use of our fighting it out? It won't make any difference. You know, yourself, that it isn't good. I believe I'm getting holy."

"You've got whatever conscience there is in this crowd, I guess," said Allen gravely. "But look here, Harry. I've knocked about for quite a while, and I tell you what, I've found that life is a pretty mixed up sort of a proposition. It isn't like the stories in the school-books, where it's as plain as a post what you've got to do in order to finish a favorite. Some people, when they get on to a course that they can't see the end of, will keep saying: 'This way is good; this way is good;' when it isn't good. But the question is, wouldn't any other way be worse? Can we back out now and be men? No, we must take things as they come."

The two were silent for a while, listening

"The Citizen . . . proudly displayed a strip of dingy bunting. . . . It was an American flag."

glumly to the river which swelled ever greater with the rains. Allen spoke again with a kind of prophetic conviction: "Harry, we won't see this place again." After that the two kept their own counsel, and went forward into a future of which they guessed nothing, except that they could face it.

At last upon a day, they saw high rocks ahead of them, and presently heard, beyond the trees and flowers, a long, slow thunder. A vista opened among the rocks and revealed a blue expanse, and Harry French, who had some education, shouted like the wandering Greeks:

"Thalatta! Thalatta!"

"How so?" asked Jimmie Peters, who would not appear ignorant.

It was the sea, but it washed upon unknown shores, and in all the wide expanse they saw no sails or smoke-clouds. The rocks ran down by precipices into deep water, and there were no villages; but upon the very crest of the cliffs appeared some kind of stone building—a castle or a ruin.

Up to this place the Americans toiled, and many natives with them. Moraga was nothing but a low, circular wall, enclosing a double apartment or pen: in one of these a few stores were piled; the other might serve as a sleeping place, or a prison. They looked rather blankly at this, the end of their journeyings, and as blankly upon the empty sea. And then they looked back to where Amigo James was, and saw two men, in the dress which the chiefs of the Melanao wear, standing in the open space beside him. These three came forward, and behind them long rows of armed men had closed upon the place and waited for a word. Amigo James stopped and looked at his late brothers: a dignified joy was on his face, and he made with his arms a sweeping gesture toward them, as one might say, in another language: "I have delivered the goods."

But Allen walked to Amigo James, a half-smile on his lips, and with the butt end of a rifle he struck him in the face, two quick and furious blows: the thud of these and of the falling body sounded ominously in the stillness. Standing for a moment in leisurely contempt above the prostrate one, Allen glanced back at the others, as though with a sort of fleeting satisfaction at having told them so. "Inside the wall, boys," he directed, and strolled in after them, the rifle under his arm. The natives there went out as they came in; with a kind of awkward solemnity the two forces moved apart—only, the fallen form of Amigo James lay quiet in the sunshine.

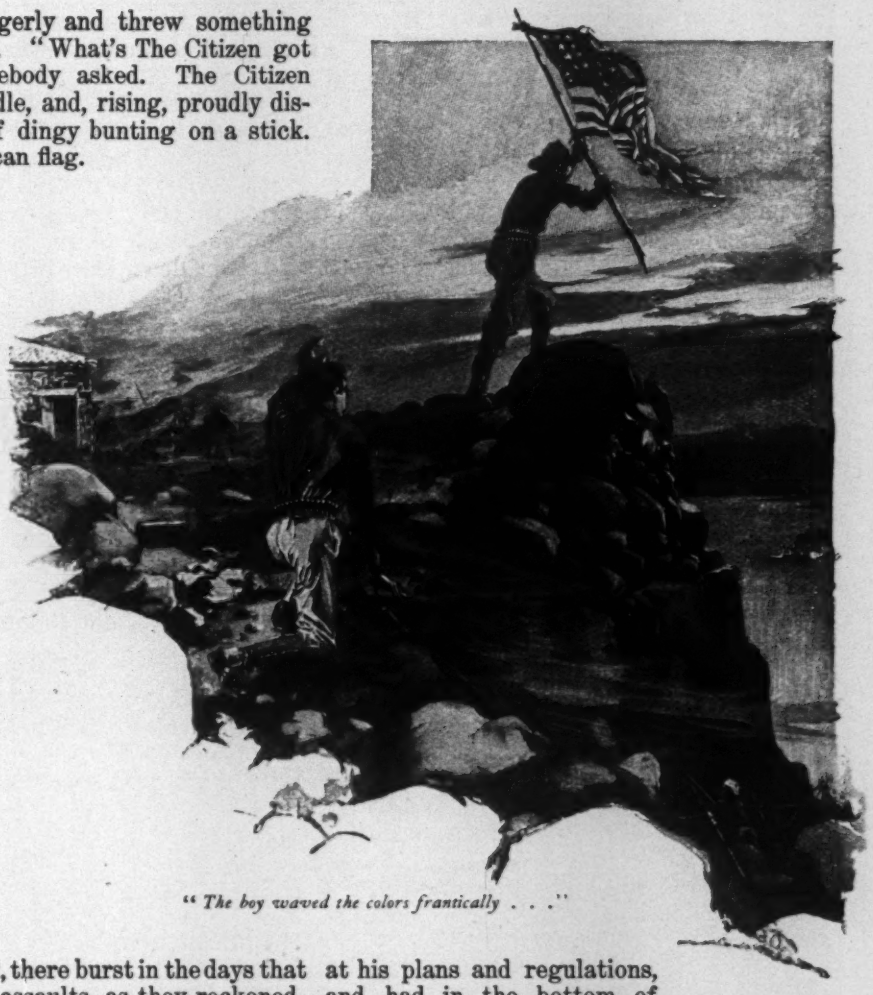
It would seem likely that Allen, in this stroke of reckless audacity, may have acted from a deep knowledge of the Oriental character. Everything had been prearranged, every way of escape cut off: it was the sudden and paralyzing change into the offensive on the part of the ridiculous handful which acted like hypnotism upon the troops of the tropics. None the less were these certain of their prey. Below, among the rocks and groves, near and far, the brown men armed and gathered, while away inland and along the coast the clouds of rising smoke showed how the trap was closing. The handful upon the high rocks looked attentively at what was around them and at what they had, and as the absurdity of their making a stand fully appeared to them, for the first time in days they laughed.

"Good old dish-rag!" he said. "She never comes down."

But one among them did not laugh, and he

came forward eagerly and threw something upon the ground. "What's The Citizen got to offer?" somebody asked. The Citizen unrolled his bundle, and, rising, proudly displayed a strip of dingy bunting on a stick. It was an American flag.

They looked at it in silence for a while. The Citizen went and planted it in the low wall. "Oh, well, let her stay there," said one; and they turned to take stock of their ammunition. In half an hour came the first assault, and they beat this off by the mere blind instinct of fighting, not having the slightest idea that they would live to see the sun go down.



"The boy waved the colors frantically . . ."

On the low stone wall, hardly more than a breastwork, there burst in the days that followed sixteen assaults, as they reckoned. Sixteen assaults, and they were only a dozen riff-raff Westerners. The ex-privates fought as they never had fought in the service, and all of them used humorously to grumble because their deeds of carnage could not be called official. Fitzmorris collapsed early, but the others were tough subjects. "Rally to the colors!" got to be the word when the assaults were coming; and afterward, when the swarms of frantic brown men had wavered and vanished away, the humor of their being there still would strike the stubborn handful and move them to new laughter. At other times, they would despond, but Allen and young French held them ruthlessly up to their work, and threatened and chaffed by turns those who were the nearest to despair. Upon Allen, with a sure instinct, they had shouldered the thankless task of leadership, and he rose to responsibility with the unguessed strength of the men who speak English. They used to poke rude sarcasm at his plans and regulations, and had in the bottom of their hearts an unreasoning confidence that he would bring them through.

Among them all, the most cheerful was The Citizen. He was a mere brown wisp among the lean giants whose skin was so fair beneath their tatters. He was enthusiastic for an organized government at once, according to the Constitution. "You go easy, Citizen," the leader would advise. "You're coming along splendidly, and your theory is fine, but you mustn't apply it *too* fast." "Might start a newspaper though," suggested Harry French, "and criticise the way Mr. Allen's conducting matters." At other times, The Citizen would take to his mouth-organ and play, while they encouraged him with ironical compliments, or beat time on the rocks to his single tune. It was all the martial music they had, and the wondering tribes used to listen while there floated down to them in the valleys those mournful strains by which The Citizen expressed his fervid patriotism:

She Had Never Seen the Streets of Cairo,
On the Midway She-Had-Never-Strayed.

Sometimes they would be undisturbed for days, and would sit and watch the sun go slowly down into the sea, and wonder, with a curious interest, what stranger lands might lie beyond their view. The rains, however, became more frequent; they were bathed in alternate sunshine and pouring clouds, and they had water enough, but almost no food at last. All their sensations were being reduced to two fierce cravings, for food and for the lives of enemies, and they dropped off one by one. Jimmie Peters killed a chief of the Melanao men, knocking him over cleanly at five hundred yards, as though it had been big-game shooting. And Jimmie Peters was killed himself in beating off one of the assaults. They got him inside, still breathing, and his last remarks were made as he looked up at the flag, which still fluttered upon the wall. "Good old dish-rag!" he said. "She never comes down." They waved it three times over the body in salute, but fired away no cartridges.

Mr. Allen still had half of a cigar, and always believed that he would live to smoke this. He got up upon the wall one day, and putting the stub between his teeth, felt longingly for a match. Then he dropped the tobacco into his pocket, and stood staring down the valleys, darkened already by approaching twilight. In the glow of the sunset his figure looked miles high, as he turned to the others, and said gravely:

"Boys, here comes the Seventeenth."

The Melanao men advanced with numbers too uneven, mad to finish it this time and avenge their leaders. They poured up to the wall and over; the lean white forms went reeling back, borne down and overwhelmed. Allen himself, beaten to his knees, looked across at Harry French, and saw the latter, like one bereft of reason, run to the wall and tear down the dingy flag. Allen got to his feet again with a supreme last effort.

"Oh, hold on, Harry," he cried. "Don't do that."

But the boy, with a shout which broke into a joyful cackle, turned and waved the colors frantically, toward where below upon the water was another flag like theirs.

Lieutenant Tompkins of the "Geisha Girl" sent three shells screaming over them, and the fighting ended; upon the high rocks the uproar died suddenly away into deep silence. Afterward, Tompkins came ashore, and a queer expression crept into his eyes when he saw what was left of the defenders of Moraga. But he himself, led by a rumor along the coasts of these white men who would not die, had come six hundred miles through the unknown seas to save them. He said:

"Huh, isn't much of a place, is it!"

Allen turned aside, to light the stump of a cigar. "No," he assented; "it's a kind of a good-for-nothing hole to live in. Much obliged to you, though."

THE ANNUNCIATION OF BOTTICELLI.

FEW painters of the Italian Renaissance have taken a stronger hold on the modern world than the Florentine, Sandro Botticelli, and none with more reason. A goldsmith's apprentice who soon outran his trade, Botticelli became a pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi, and at the master's death, in 1469, began independent work. His fertility was remarkable, and his subjects were as varied as the interests of his trained and versatile mind. It is not for the most ambitious of Botticelli's works—his frescos in the Sistine Chapel and his famous altarpieces—that he is best loved to-day. It is rather for his allegories, his minor pictures, and, especially, his touching scenes from the life of the Virgin. It is in them that we find best expressed Botticelli's sense of the graciousness of life and his exquisite personal sentiment. Their peculiar charm is admirably shown in The Annunciation reproduced on the opposite page. The composition, so original for the time, is full of the master's tender religious feeling. The angel, eager and reverential, shows all the fire and action which Botticelli so well knew how to infuse into his figures, while the Virgin, shrinking back in humility before the news of her celestial visitor, and seeming to protest against the honor he pays her, has all of the subtle pleading attraction, the refinement, the unconscious feminine grace and dignity which make Botticelli's Madonnas so touchingly human. Their appeal is as strong to us to-day as it was to those lovers of the truth and beauty of nature who, five hundred years ago in Florence, honored Botticelli.

THE ANNUNCIATION

FROM THE PAINTING BY

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

IN THE UFFIZZI GALLERY

FLORENCE

THE KAISER AS SEEN IN GERMANY.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE American visitor who sees William II. of Germany for the first time is curiously impressed with the influence of the comic paper. He discovers that his imagination in picturing the Kaiser has followed the exaggerations of the caricaturist rather than the sober reality of the photograph, for the German Kaiser is not at all what his caricaturists make him. In the first place, he is not a large man, neither tall, nor inordinately broad of shoulders. Somehow it is the natural bent of the human mind to associate majesty with physical bigness. I believe the old Egyptians represented their Ptolemies and Rameses as giants. And William, who knows the psychology of royalty to the seventh shading, has built high on this feeling. Any one of the seventy-eight court photographers, more or less, in Berlin, will tell you how carefully William always arranges the groupings when he is to have his picture taken in company with others, and a study of the resulting photographs will show how, almost invariably, William looms tall above the shorter men who surround him. A favorite picture represents the Kaiser standing side by side with the famous artist, Menzel, whose four feet, something, of stature give William the frame of a Goth. In one of the galleries there is a portrait of the Kaiser in full naval uniform, standing on the bridge of one of his ships of war. The canvas, which is so hung as to strike the visitor as he enters the doorway, is of enormous size, and the figure of the Emperor stands out of it with gigantic impressiveness. Even in many of his smaller pictures, the cabinet photographs, the camera has been moved so close that the Kaiser's face nearly fills the plate, thereby giving an extraordinary impression of hugeness. The caricaturists have naturally exaggerated the suggestions given by these various portraits, and it is with something of a shock that one realizes, for the first time, that the Kaiser is, after all, only a man of common stature, or less.

In other ways, also, a first view of the Kaiser impresses one. A photograph gives no hint of color. The Kaiser is a brown-faced man, the brown of wind and weather, of fierce riding on land and of a glaring sun on the sea. His face is thinner than one has pictured, and there is a hint of weariness about the eyes. His hair gives the impression of being thin, and his famous mustache is not so long or so jauntily fierce as one has imagined. There is many a dry-goods clerk in Berlin who has out-Kaisered the Kaiser in growing a mustache.

But, owing to the sin of retouching, there is one thing that few of William's photographs show to advantage, and it is the most impressive characteristic of his face. And that is its singular sternness in repose. Square, iron jaws, thin, firm lips, a certain sharpness and leanness of visage, a penetrating eye, all speak of invincible determination, pride, dignity. Indeed, herein lies the force of personal majesty, for William, however much one may smile at his passion for royal display, has many of those splendid attributes of character which would make a man great in any sphere of life. It would be a large company of Germans, indeed, among whom one would fail to select him instinctively as the leader. A first impression, therefore, may thus be summed up:

The Kaiser is less a great king than one has imagined, and more a great man. The longer one remains in Germany, and the more he learns of William and his extraordinary activities, the deeper grows this impression. We Americans have never quite overcome our first prejudices against the Kaiser, bred during the first days of his reign, when the mantle of royalty, and the Hohenzollern mantle at that, was new to his shoulders, and he said and did strange things. But in Europe, where they have grown accustomed to his vagaries, now, indeed, much less pronounced in their manifestations, and have set them down as the expressions of a strong and original individuality, the Kaiser occupies a place of high and genuine esteem. An American who remains long in Germany feels this change in sentiment strongly, and when the Kaiser passes he raises his hat with all the others, not merely because this is royalty, but because it is character and good deeds accomplished.

As might be expected, the Kaiser is most

KAISER WILHELM II.

From a photograph by N. Perscheid, Leipsic.

popular in his capital. One hearing a commotion on Unter den Linden, with a flash of white plumes in the distance and the swift clatter of hoofs, may well crowd up to see. A pair of splendid horses, traveling like the wind, two richly uniformed men on the box, and the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and another lady in the open carriage behind. You observe that the Kaiser sits with his back to the horses, giving the place of honor to his wife, for William has set the highest ideals in courtesy to women—the Anglo-Saxon ideals, which often form a strong contrast to the rougher Teutonic customs. He wears a glistening silver helmet, which he touches with military precision as the people on the streets shout and lift their hats. No cavalcade of guards accompanies the carriage, and there is apparently no effort to guard the lives of its occupants, except in as far as they are protected by the terrific speed at which the horses are always driven. It is one of Wil-

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

From a copyrighted photograph by W. & D. Downey, London.

liam's pleasures to show himself and his family frequently to his people, and the royal carriage may be seen at all hours in the streets of Berlin. The Kaiser's departure from the palace is always signaled by the fall of a flag, which serves as a notification to the people to prepare for his appearance among them. Nearly every afternoon he rides out, usually in uniform, with some of his staff officers, galloping down the Linden and into the Thiergarten, where he often spends an hour in exercise. The Kaiser appears to better advantage on horseback than when standing, being tall of body. He has a great variety of uniforms, and one may see him many times and never see him clothed twice alike. This is one manifestation of his well-known love of display and pageantry. He loves the outward garb of royalty, the symbols of power, and he uses them without stint. Not long ago an American professor attended a reception in the royal palace, given by the Kaiser to an association of scientists, at which William appeared in the gorgeous robes of royalty, preceded by liveried chamberlains bearing the crown and insignia. It was a most impressive display, and when the professor came away, he said to a friend:

"I am a republican to the backbone, but I believe that if monarchs are necessary, they should be monarchs to the last bit of gold lace, just as William is Kaiser."

The next day this friend had an audience with the Kaiser, and in the course of the conversation told him what the American professor had said. The Kaiser laughed heartily.

"That is exactly what I believe," he said. "Dom Pedro of Brazil illustrated the folly of trying to be a republican on a throne."

The pictures of the Kaiser and his family form an admirable indication of the degree of his popularity in various parts of the empire. It is said that the different photographs of the Kaiser now number far into the thousands. At a single shop which I visited in Berlin, there were no fewer than 267 different pictures of the Kaiser, and this did not include the scores upon scores of groups and family pictures in which the Kaiser appears. It is said that the Kaiser averages a picture a day, year in and year out. Of course, weeks will pass when no photograph is taken, at least no official photograph, although the snapshot picture-getter is ever at work; and then there comes a time when dozens of them are made in a day. In Berlin one cannot possibly escape the Kaiser's face: it is everywhere, in the hotel room where you sleep, in the restaurant where you eat, in almost every shop window, in the picture galleries, in the churches, in the public buildings, and in every illustrated paper. No American presidential candidate ever had his likeness so widely displayed, even at his home town in campaign time. And not only photographs, but paintings, busts in marble, bronze, and bisque, cheap colored prints, medals, bas-reliefs, and every other known form of representing the human face.

This is in Berlin, the center of Prussian loyalty. In the northern provinces of Germany, especially in Pomerania, the pictures of the Kaiser are not so plentiful, and yet they are very numerous. One may see thousands of them in Stettin, where there are tens in Dresden. Indeed, as one goes south from Berlin, the Kaiser's pictures grow fewer in number, until at Munich one rarely sees any of them displayed,—certainly the best evidence of the aloofness of the Bavarians. Judged by the number of his pictures on view, the Kaiser is more popular to-day in Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, in the half-French Rhine country, than he is in Bavaria. Indeed, one who hears everything in the Kaiser's praise in North Germany will get a glimpse of the reverse opinion in South Germany. In many places, like such crowded manufacturing cities as Chemnitz, one hears much said against the Kaiser, although it is not so much against William as it is against the form of government which he represents. And if William fears anything in the world, it is the spirit of socialism which grows rank in these factory towns. In more than one of his speeches has he mentioned socialism as among the things which Germans must conquer with a strong hand.

The greatest criticism of the Kaiser made by his people is that he talks too much. One hears that everywhere. I think the Germans rather admire William for thinking as he does, but they blame him for saying aloud all that he thinks. That is characteristic of the German; he is born a free thinker, but his institutions and the watchful eye of the omniscient police forever keep the lid shut down upon his genuine sentiments. And he is slow of anger and unrivaled in his reverence for authority. It so happens, therefore, that while the Kaiser may often be expressing the real sentiment of his people, he is expressing it too loudly to suit the cautious German type of diplomacy. Another criticism, which is

not now heard as frequently, perhaps, as it was a few years ago, condemns what the Germans imagine to be a pro-English attitude on the part of the Kaiser. They cannot forget that their sovereign is by birth half an Englishman, and many there are who look with only half-concealed suspicion on the cordial relations between the Kaiser and his grandmother, the Queen, and his uncle, the Prince of Wales. It is said that the Kaiser is more sensitive to this criticism than to almost any other, and the story of his famous reply, when injured at a regatta some years ago, is still told in Germany. As he saw the blood flowing, he said grimly: "Well, there goes the last drop of my English blood." In the light of this sentiment one wonders how the average German regards the recent *entente* between the Germans and the British regarding the Chinese question.

The Kaiser is an excellent English student, speaking and reading the language perfectly, and following English models in many of his most important departures. One does not forget that the Kaiser, as a boy, was especially fond of Captain Marryat's tales of the sea, and that, in more recent years, he was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of our own Captain Mahan's great book, "The Influence of Sea Power"—a book which he has used as one of his strongest arguments for a more powerful German navy.

The Kaiser is much too great a man, and the claims of his expanding country are too insistent, to permit him to specialize in any great degree in his interests, and yet he is but a man, and certain lines of activity engross his attention more than others. Upon his accession to the throne his enthusiasms were chiefly military; he loved his army, and he longed passionately to use it. This interest still continues to a degree, and yet it may be said that at present the Kaiser's greatest hobby is his new navy. He has enough English blood in him to make him passionately fond of the sea and of sea life, and his leanings toward all that is martial make him the natural sponsor of a great navy.

And it has required all the determination, tact, and enthusiasm of William, the man, as well as all the immense power of William, the Kaiser, to convince the Germans that a great navy was a necessity to the nation, and then to persuade them to pay for it. If William were an American, he would be classed in politics as a Republican with strong sentiments of imperialism and expansion, a supporter of the doctrine of high protective tariffs and sound money, and a steady champion of a larger army and navy. His enemies might even accuse him of a fondness for trusts. He has been compared in character and aims to Theodore Roosevelt, and the similarity of the two men in restless energy, honesty, wide general culture and information, as well as admiration of things martial, is certainly most striking. Years ago the Kaiser began studying the naval question in every one of its phases, and thus he continued until he was intimately familiar with the navies of the world, as well as with the naval attitude of each nation. Indeed, he is said to know by name the chief war-vessels of every country, with the tonnage, armament, and equipment of each. With this knowledge in hand he began a mighty campaign of education among his people. He invited members of the Reichstag repeatedly to the palace, showed them lantern pictures of the great vessels of the world, and gave them lectures on naval affairs; and the moral that he invariably preached was, "Germany must have a great navy." He argued from the point of view of commerce, of industry, of expansion, of sentiment and patriotism, and he finally succeeded in getting nearly all he wanted, only to find that he wanted more; and so the work is still going forward.

War anywhere in the world mounts like strong wine to William's head. He hears afar the sounds of strife, and he longs to be there to see. And sometimes he grows so excited that, like a small boy at a fire, he can't help shouting, and then the world wonders over his curious cablegrams of sympathy or encouragement. There was no more fascinated observer of our war with Spain than William of Germany; he watched every phase, he studied every manœuver, and later he used this information with effect in persuading his obdurate legislators that Germany must at least have a navy equal to that of the United States.

More recently he has been interested in submarine boats, and when the English pounded the old "Belle Isle" to pieces he was one of the most eager of inquirers as to the exact effect of the shells on the sides of the old hulk and in her hold. Indeed, as soon as the bare report of the tests had been telegraphed to Berlin, William was discussing them eagerly with the foreign military attachés. He is, by the way, a great favorite with the foreign attachés. He treats them with bluff bonhomie, entertains them frequently, pumps them dry, and sends them

away in all their lean emptiness feeling that William is the greatest man on earth. At his palace at Potsdam he has many conspicuous naval ornaments, among them models of battleships, Krupp guns, and so on. He has painted a picture of merit, "Fight Between Battleships," and it has seemed sometimes as if he lived and moved and had his being in ships. And not only ships of war enlist his enthusiasm, and ships of pleasure, although he is a great yachtsman, but there is no stronger supporter of the new and wonderfully progressive merchant navy of Germany than the Kaiser. He knows to the last sheerlegs the equipment of every German shipyard. Last winter he was present at the launching of the splendid new fast liner, the "Deutschland," at Stettin, and when she ran on a bar he hurried warships to drag her off. We find the Kaiser visiting the Berlin decorator who is making the interior furnishings of the new vessel, and giving his suggestions for changes. He telegraphs his sympathy to the North German Lloyd Company when its New York docks are burned, he encourages subsidies for German ships, and he plans for their instant conversion in case of war to powerful cruisers—for in the end everything stands upon its serviceability to Germany in arms. No detail escapes him or fails to interest him. I shall not soon forget a little anecdote told me by Captain Albers. When the great liner, the "Fürst Bismarck," was finished, the Kaiser came on board with Prince Henry to inspect her. He approved everything until he saw the tables in the dining-room. Then he said to Captain Albers: "I should think a man who had been at sea as long as you would not allow a cabinet-maker to give you square-cornered tables on shipboard." After the Kaiser left, the table-corners were quickly rounded off. Two years later the Kaiser again came aboard the vessel, and when he saw the tables he said: "I see you have rounded off the corners. That is good." He had not forgotten even a thing as small as this.

The German navy and the advance of German shipping are without doubt the Kaiser's strongest interests at present. Connected with this hobby, and growing out of it, is his deep enthusiasm for what is now the most striking feature of German development—commercial and industrial expansion. No other monarch in Europe takes such a keen interest in the industrial affairs and in the extension of the export business of his domain as William. This interest has arisen largely from the Kaiser's notable talent for taking a broad view of affairs, a talent developed by travel in other countries, and by persistently endeavoring to look upon Germany through foreign eyes. He and other great Germans have not been slow to see that the future prosperity of the country, with its ever-growing population and its ever-insufficient agricultural production, must needs depend largely on its success as a manufacturer and trader. Hence the Kaiser has taken the greatest interest in spreading industrial and technical education, and not long ago he shocked the conservative educational elements of the German universities by paying special respect and attention to the technical schools. For years without number all academic honors and degrees have fallen to the men who have come from the universities. Now degrees are given to certain technical-school graduates, and they are placed on the same level, in many respects, with the aristocrats of the universities. The Kaiser himself attended the recent celebration of this departure at the famous technical High School at Charlottenburg. Those who know how conservative Germany is in educational affairs appreciate the almost revolutionary effect of this departure.

Besides encouraging more skilled workmen, the Kaiser is not less interested in finding places where the goods which they manufacture may find profitable sale. Hence the strenuous efforts to encourage the building of merchant ships to carry German goods, and the all but feverish desire on the part of the Kaiser for foreign possessions and foreign spheres of influence. The Kaiser is a shrewd and far-sighted man, and he sees clearly that the great coming struggle among the nations is a struggle for commerce. Virgin continents and islands have now all been occupied, the United States has at last supplied her own vast necessities, and is preparing to enter the foreign market with huge surpluses of manufactured goods, and that nation will prosper most which secures and holds the best markets. Hence the scramble for China; hence the Kaiser's eagerness for more territory, no matter where located.

One of the most significant and impressive recent movements in Germany is the colonial exhibition. Nearly every town of any prominence has had one of these exhibitions, or is about to have one. They are given under the auspices of the best families of the place, with the ladies of society in charge of the booths. I attended one of the exhibitions at Jena. It occupied a large hall, and it consisted of sample products from

German colonies, of maps showing the location of foreign German possessions, and of innumerable photographs of scenery, colonial life, and so on. Circulars describing the colonies, inviting immigration, and giving all manner of statistical information, were distributed free. As a side department there was a naval and shipping exhibit, which made the usual strong plea for more ships, giving in colored diagrams all manner of statistical information as to German exports and imports, and as to German ships, with comparisons with the fleets of other countries. It is probable that no other country ever made such a campaign of education in commerce and industrial expansion. And behind it all looms the irrepressibly active Kaiser, with his vast schemes for the advancement of his country. He will have a great navy, and great shipping interests, and great colonial possessions, if he has to bring every peasant in the empire to his palace and convince him with lantern pictures and chalk talks. For the common citizen of Germany, who pays the taxes, must first be convinced—at least, that is the theory!

These two things—his navy and his desire for commercial expansion—must be set down as the Kaiser's greatest interests. William has been accused of having a universal interest, of being a sort of kingly dabbler in everything. An emperor must, of necessity, possess wide interests, and yet one who watches the Kaiser's activities will soon perceive that, after all, he is like other men; he has his great passions and his lesser ones. He cares little, for instance, for science or for horse-racing. He loves travel; he entertains high respect for religion, a religion of his own stern Mosaic kind; he dabbles in art and music. He cares nothing for social affairs, unless they have some specific purpose, or unless they reach the stage of pageantry in which he is the central figure. But among all his lesser likings nothing occupies such a place as statuary. He is preëminently a monument-lover. Not long ago he said to a friend: "There are thirty-four sculptors in Berlin." He knew every one of them personally, and he knew all about their work. Nothing pleases him better than to visit their studios and to be photographed there among clay sketches. Every one knows of his astonishing adornment of the great central drive through the Thiergarten with a magnificent row of statuary, each group representing one of his ancestors and two of that ancestor's foremost counselors. This statuary is all in white marble, magnificently done, and erected at the Kaiser's personal expense. Indeed, the Kaiser has watched and criticized each statue as it grew under the sculptor's hand, and has presided at the unveiling of each. It is characteristic, also, of the Kaiser that he has selected a place for a statue of himself, which shall match those of his ancestors.

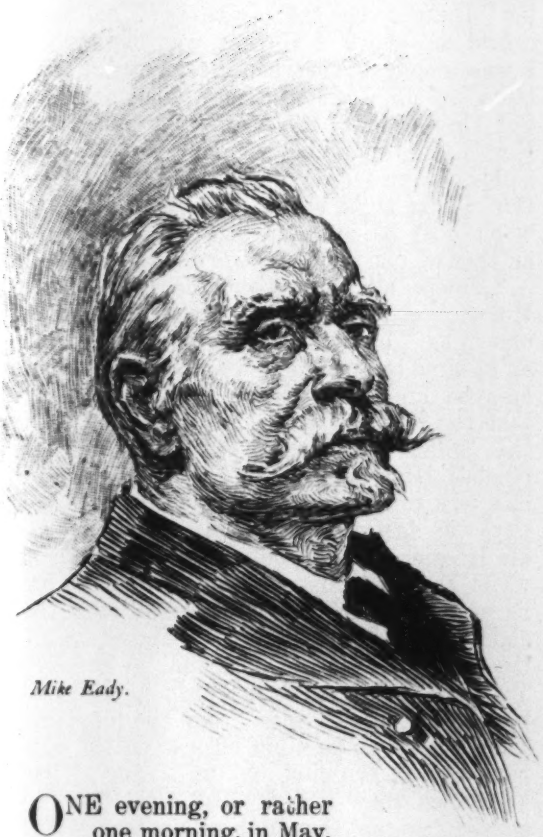
This work has been done not only because the Kaiser is a lover of statuary, but because he loves his capital city and wishes to see it beautified; and more than that, he believes that such representations of the great men of the nation have a profound educational influence on the people. They are visible symbols of what patriotic men can do. The Kaiser is ever a profound educator. I shall not soon forget my visit to one of these new statues on a Friday afternoon. From afar I saw a great crowd of children gathered around it, and as I approached I saw that it was a school-class, and the master was standing there in front, telling the story of the king and his two counselors, while the mute statues gave it a reality that impressed it indelibly upon their minds. I learned that this method of teaching German history was pursued to a great extent in Berlin, and whatever may be said of the Kaiser's vanity in thus setting up a row of his ancestors for worship, one cannot but feel that he had another and a profoundly useful purpose in the work.

THE REVENGE OF THE FOUR.

A TRUE STORY OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN POLITICS AND PLUNDER.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

With Drawings from Studies of Types in the Rogues' Gallery.



Mike Eady.

ONE evening, or rather one morning, in May, 18—, in the "Clink," which everybody knows, though that is not its name, a mixed company of men and women were glad that they were young. They drank and smoked, and listened to three darkies explain, to the accompaniment of three guitars, that they "find the Western Union a convenience no matter where they roam"; and that they "will telegraph their baby, who'll send ten or twenty maybe; and they won't have to walk back home."

In marked contrast with the other visitors, there sat close about a table, in earnest consultation, four celebrities whom "the house" treated with distinguished deference.

There is a little black book, without a title or title-page, in which very good wood-cuts may be seen of the faces of the four celebrities, and of others, friends and rivals of the four. There are also excellent photographs of the four, and of their friends and rivals; and on each of the photographs, as on each of the wood-cuts, is a number, and corresponding to each number there is a minute description, beginning with *Name and Alias* and ending in *Remarks*. This book and these photographs are not dealt in by the trade, neither are they for sale or general distribution; they are made for the use of men who commit such portraits to memory as if they were words in a strange language, and who walk abroad, with the knowledge thus acquired, with a deliberate wish to make trouble.

These four celebrities were persons of varied accomplishments, and of considerable capital and industry, which they placed at the service of an appreciative public. Wherever there gathered people whose confidence was greater than their discretion, and who were willing to back their opinion, the four lent them every facility, thereby benefiting them and forming them in the self-knowledge which philosophers declare is the beginning and the end of wisdom. The four were clever with their hands, had mastered in some of its most profitable applications the truth that motion may be quicker than sight, and drew a steady revenue from the desire of mankind to learn by experience. Their fellow-countrymen showed their appreciation of talents like these first by enriching the possessors by private contribution, and then from time to time by offering them public receptions at which speeches were in order, and by tendering them for a considerable period the hospitality of the State. It should in justice be added that every one of the four was of a retiring disposition and shunned these public attentions whenever possible.

This May night in the "Clink," they had met by appointment in the way of business. Their business for the moment seemed to

consist in the attentive contemplation of a calendar of local shows and festivals, and generally of occasions on which, anywhere in the United States in the next three months, extraordinary crowds would congregate. At any expense of labor or of inconvenience to themselves, they were ambitious to afford their services to the greatest number in the greatest number of places, in the shortest space of time possible. The question of the day was, in which part of the country and with what "graft" the benefit of their services should first be offered. The four had travelled widely and observantly, but not always in one another's company; and there were differences of opinion in regard to the territory most likely, at once, to receive them with due appreciation, and to respect the modesty which disinclined them to public attentions.

Mr. Eady, called "Mike" among his intimates, and "Tier 4, No. 30,896" among the attendants at a mansion of more than monastic seclusion, favored a preliminary jaunt to a re-union of Civil War veterans to be held in the South; he backed up the suggestion with promises of success, which, on account of his experience and age—he had just passed his fifty-sixth year—were listened to with marked attention.

"There's more suckers in a day in that part of the country," he declared, "than there is up here in a week. We've all been in the hill country in West Virginia on circus days, ain't we? Well, the class o' people you find there are runnin' loose all over the South. They take in 'bout one show a season, an' when they get to town they rubber so that they ain't thinkin' 'bout their leathers at all. W'y, I've seen those yaps come to town an' throw up their hands at sights that a Bowery kid wouldn't drop a cigarette snipe to see. Put 'em in front of a side-show's banners, an' they'll screw their necks till you'd think they was never goin' to get 'em in shape again. They work like steers on their farms an' don't see enthin' excitin' more 'n once or twice a year, an' when a big thing comes along it staggers 'em.

"The same class o' yaps is goin' to be at the re-union. I can see jus' exactly how the thing 's goin' to be. Those old soldiers, you know, 'll come in from the country an' rubber themselves silly. They 'll chew the rag right in a crowd, blockin' up the way an' makin' pushes so 's a bloke won't need any stalls. Colonel Jim-Jams from Kentucky 'll see Captain Coffee Cooler from New Orleans, an' they 'll beller an' holler, an' han' round plug tobacco an' fine cut right in a big jam, an' Jim-Jams 'll suggest a mint julep. Then they 'll push an' squeeze to get out o' the crowd, an' off comes the poke. You know the single-handed worker, Sneezy Johnson? Well, he told me not more 'n six weeks ago that jus' such yaps as Jim-Jams an' Coffee Cooler stalled for 'im at a gatherin' in South Carolina better 'n a trained push. 'W'y, Mike,' he says, 'I don't want nothin' easier 'n gettin' those people to bite. They 're just like sheep. Let somebody holler "There comes the elephants!" an' they crowd an' shove 's if they was bughouse.' I was amongst 'em when Bryan struck Atlanta, an' it's God's truth, my hands actually got tired weedin' the leathers I pulled up. Now, I tell you, blokes, we don't want to lose a chance like the re-union 'less there 's somethin' a dern sight better somewhere else. It won't cost us over ten days to take it in, an' then we can jump West, or where you like."

"You're all right 'bout the yaps bitin', Mike," remarked Mr. Burras, familiarly known as "Larry," "but there's goin' to be an all-fired big push o' guns at that re-union, an' you know how those yaps are. They take the bait like cat-fish, but look out when the hollerin' begins. W'y, they nearly lynched Jerry Simpson an' the Michigan Kid in a jerk town in Georgia las' winter. The two was hittin' it up pretty lively, and an old Hoosier woke up out one of his dreams while the Kid's fist was in his pocket, an' he went bellowin' like a moose all over the shop. If the coppers hadn't jumped in an' rescued the Kid, the yaps 'ud 'a' croaked 'im sure, an' it cost his push a thousand plunks to spring him from the coppers. There's goin' to be a big push o' visitin' coppers at the re-union, too, an' if any of 'em knows us they 'll beef dead sure 'less we square 'em, an' they 'll beef anyhow if the guns go it too strong, an' that 's jus' what's goin' to happen. There 'll be such a lot o' suckers that the guns 'll work 'em hard, an' there 'll have to be a lot o' springin' done. My advice is—course if they ain't nothin' better—that we take in the through rattlers on the Pennsy or the Central for the next few weeks, an' go it sort o' quiet-like till we see how things are pannin' out. Them passengers on the through rattlers are always good for twenty-five or fifty, an' we can give 'em the change an' raise rackets. At night we can pull off some Pullman pokes. I ain't stuck on this kind o' graftin', but it 's my opinion that it 'll suit us better 'n the re-union will at this stage o' the game."

Mr. Renn, with the descriptive "monikey" Shorty, agreed with Mr. Burras that the reunion was impracticable; but for reasons which the others understood, but did not seriously consider, favored remaining in town, and "taking in" such events as funerals until the season was more advanced. "Goin' to be some big stiffs to work at this month," he remarked appreciatively, "an' if we don't attend to 'em somebody else will—take my tip for that." Mr. Renn was engaged to be married to "a sweet little thing" on the East Side, and, as his companions well knew, was not competent to make acceptable suggestions.

Mr. Frood, affectionately termed "Eddu" by an indulgent wife, as well as by his three "pals," proposed a jaunt through the great State of Ohio, and made good his reasons for the selection of this locality with very convincing arguments and illustrations.

"There 's no use talkin', blokes," he said, "there ain't been no improvement on old Ohio in any State o' the Union. She 's been touched up right an' left, backward an' forward, an' sideways an' crossways, an' there she sits still, sayin' 'Gimme some more, honey, gimme some more.' W'y, blokes, it 's one o' the phenomenons o' the age, as Jimmy the Greek used to say, the way Ohio has been ripped open by politicians an' guns, an' keeps as chipper as ever. W'y, them railroad junctions o' hers has been touched up for the last twenty-five years, an' they're as good as government bonds yet. Better, by Jove. I don't want any neater graft than floating 'round them junctions. An' I 'd like to know where there's another State where you can fix things the way you can in Ohio. The politicians 'a' got the State by the throat; an' you know as well as I do that where they get their graft in, guns can too.

"Now 's the time when the circuses begin their rounds, an' the thing for us to do is to jump over there, tie up with one o' the shows, an' jus' take its dates. I was over there last season with Myers an' Randell, an' we only had to make one spring, an' that didn't cost us over six hundred. By August we had six thousand plunks, even money, banked. We can't do any better 'n that anywhere, an' I say that we hunt up a good sneak an' climber [sneak-thief and burglar] an' jump over there."

"Do you know what fixers are travelin' with the show?" asked Mr. Eady.

"There ain't been changes. I saw Cincinnati Red day before yesterday, an' he said the shows had the same coppers. Some of 'em has come up a little in their commission charges, but most of 'em are askin' twenty per cent., same as usual. Fifteen per cent. goes with some of 'em if you ain't on the dip, an' are jus' doin' the sure thing act."

This conversation took place in the inscrutable lifeless enunciation of the profession. The night festival in the "Clink" was still at its height, and above all the sound of light laughter, of popping corks and shuffling feet, the voices of the three darkies proclaimed to the accompaniment of the three guitars that they "had got a horseless carriage an' footman, too, an' yellow coachmen by the score;" that they had "said goodbye to all the coons, 'cause *we* ain't poor no more."

Adolph Hochheimer, Mayor at this time of the city of Cornville, was a politician of the school whose first principle it is to let the people have whatever they want, provided always they want it badly enough to make a fuss about it. He was not one of those spurious republicans whose notion of political liberty is that every man be allowed to govern both himself and every one else according to the dictates of his own conscience. He believed in the sacred right of the working majority to indulge in the particular shade of misgovernment for which it has a fancy, and in the sacred duty of the minority to submit, without offensive partisanship except for campaign purposes. In the absence of a preference on the part of the people so marked that they are willing to make a fuss about it, he believed in the right of the governor to please his friends, and in particular his most dearly cherished friends, which is to say, himself. He had qualified himself in general for knowing what the people want by offering them for years the hospitality of his bar-room; they wanted insatiably to pay infinite "nickels" for infinite glasses of indifferent beer, which cost him half-a-cent apiece; they made it impossible for him to take the amount of rest allowed him in the early morning hours and on Sundays by an indulgent "license." His apprenticeship to high politics he began when he constructed his first block of tenement houses, with thinner walls and less commodious apartments than the law commands; he was obliged to "square" everybody and keep them "squared," and they showed an equal facility in taking on the required shape and in losing it again.

As chief executive of the city of Corn-

ville, he had succeeded an incumbent who had been the candidate of a reform party. A reform party in the United States is usually an acute disorder of the body politic, a spasm or epileptic fit of virtue, very disagreeable to any one with a sense of dignity. A reform party that has elected its candidates becomes a lingering disease. The men of light and leading in the city of Cornville, who had objected to other men getting their little bills "jobbed," found it impossible to get their own little bills "jobbed." The case was intolerable. Mayor Renshaw was a Cato the Censor in every man's street; and no considerable body of human beings has ever professed a wish (and stuck to the profession) to be as good as Cato. Mayor Renshaw was so good as to be unpleasant, and was the cause of an unpleasant goodness in others. Mayor Hochheimer was elected as the "regular" candidate to the open rejoicing of almost every one else; and the body politic resumed a condition of health. Every one found it possible to get his little bill "jobbed;" and the new executive, out of whom hitherto, as a man of business, politics had made money, began to reap the harvest of his long studies, and with perfect mastery made money out of politics.

On the morning that the "Great and Only Combination Circus and Menagerie" was getting ready for the afternoon entertainment in the city of Cornville, a gentleman in the full-jeweled regimentals of a sport, but with a badge on his waistcoat which proclaimed him to be a private detective, called at the Mayor's office in the Town Hall, and asked for an interview with "The Honorable Mr. Hochheimer." The interview was granted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Hochheimer. This is a pleasant day."

"Very pleasant, sir, very pleasant. Take a seat, sir. Don't know as I ever saw a pleasanter at jest this season of the year."

The two men made mental notes upon each other while these original courtesies were being exchanged. The private detective speculated on whether Mr. Hochheimer was "workable," and the Mayor decided that the private detective was in a very lucrative business to be able to afford so impressive a uniform.

"I am the special officer, Mr. Hochheimer, of the 'Great and Only Combination Circus and Menagerie,' which is to show here this afternoon and evening; and I have taken the liberty of presenting complimentary tickets to your Chief of Police, and am here now to offer some to you. We should be very glad if you would make use of the half-dozen in this envelope. We shall feel honored if you can find the time to visit the entertainments in person."

"Very kind, sir, very kind. I judge from the posters about town that you have a very attractive show."

"Yes, we offer the public a varied programme. I think I may say very varied, sir."

It is strictly to be noted that this exchange of commonplaces was not ineptitude; in the language of the prize ring, it was sparring for an opening.

The Mayor, who was approached in this manner on an average of twice a week, was perfectly aware that the circus representative's business was not yet transacted. He leaned back in his chair in an attitude of expectation.

"Mr. Hochheimer," the detective continued at last, "besides being the special officer of the circus company, I am also the business representative of some of the 'side-show' concerns connected with the circus."

"Just so," said the Mayor.

"They are harmless little games of chance, you know, at which the visitor to the show may take in twenty times his money, or maybe fifty times," said the detective, who labored to be accurate. "We run the games, you know, more to draw a crowd before the circus than anything else; it isn't at all our notion to make money out of the games, except just to pay expenses. They 're, so to speak, a kind of advertisement. We thought," concluded the detective, with childlike simplicity, "that we ought to explain this to you beforehand."

"What is the nature of these games?" asked the Mayor, also with childlike simplicity.

"Er—well, one is a variation of the old shell-game that as a boy you doubtless yourself became acquainted with. Then we are experimenting with a little wheel and a pea that we have been led to believe might entertain the boys. The pea goes skipping around, you know, and if it stops at the right place, the boy wins."

Here there was a really impressive pause. The Mayor's face had become of a portentous gravity; he cleared his throat as if preparatory to the declaration of a moral principle.

"There are but two other matters in regard to which I need trespass upon your attention," said the astute middleman, who did not conceive it possible the Mayor could at

the moment have anything to say that would be to the profit of his employers. "It is the wish of the gentlemen who are handling the little games of which I speak to testify their gratitude to your charming town for the hospitality it showed them the last time they were here." This certainly demonstrated a Christian spirit on the part of two at least of his employers. The hospitality to which they had been treated on their last visit to Cornville had consisted mainly in a new and perfectly snug suit of tar and feathers. "They wish to distribute — er — five hundred dollars amongst your private charities, and would regard it as a great favor if you, Mr. Hochheimer, who can apply the money with so much more discretion than is at all possible to us outsiders, would take charge of the funds."

Here he produced a neat package which he laid on the desk before the Mayor. The Mayor's face assumed a look of extreme abstraction.

The Special Officer of the "Great and Only Combination Circus and Menagerie."

"The other little matter relates only to police protection. It is the policy of the 'Great and Only' to rely largely upon the local police for protection; paying liberally, of course, for the extra service they request. They find this policy—er—more satisfactory to every one. I am about to speak to your Chief of Police on the subject, but thought it more courteous first to address you, particularly as it seems much simpler to make one arrangement for the protection of the grounds as a whole—the main show, the side shows, and—er—well, all the little booths that are set up along with the main show."

"Has the show taken out its license?" asked the Mayor, with the politeness of a man who can take in an idea without having his skull cracked to make room for it.

"The license? Oh, yes, Mr. Mayor, the license is all right."

"I will consider the matter of which you speak with the Chief of Police," said the Mayor, with the grand air. The Chief of Police was the commander of fifteen patrolmen and one wagon.

"It's a pleasure to meet a gentleman who has had experience of affairs," said the polite middleman, rising to take his leave. "I was happy to see that you were put in office by a majority which promises a re-election."

"Hope your show will have every success," said the Mayor. "Hope you will have fair weather."

"To-day, at all events, is a pleasant day," said the detective.

"Very pleasant, sir, very pleasant; don't know that I ever saw a pleasanter at jest this season of the year."

There was still an hour to while away before the afternoon entertainment in the big tent of the "Great and Only Combination Circus and Menagerie" would begin. The parade had taken place in the morning, and the visitors to the show were gathering on the show grounds. Since early morning they had packed the highways that converge at Cornville as the spokes of a wheel converge at the hub. The town had never before, except during the "Free Silver" Presidential struggle, when the successful contestant had favored the town with a Pullman car platform speech, contained such a motley collection. Crops were promising, the distinguished fellow-citizen in Washington had promised "good times," the omnipotent stockbroker in Cleveland was backing the

distinguished fellow-citizen—and it was only once a year that the "Great and Only" visited Cornville.

The "yaps," as Mr. Eady had called them, or, if you prefer, the "backbone and intelligence of a great nation," as the great President had assured them he felt them to be, had passed a private resolution that for the time being their line fences could be "goll darned." They were going to take "a day off." The four celebrities were present to lend the charms of surprise to the occasion.

Mr. Renn, who, on account of the "sweet little thing" on the East Side had favored remaining at home and "workin' the stiffs," was playing his part behind the counter of a little booth, to which he allured the backbone and intelligence of the great nation with cries of "Sixteen to one, gentlemen, sixteen gold plunks for one—if you choose the right color; it's a mere charity I'm offerin' you, jus' to advertise the clown in the show. Sixteen to one—beats Bryan hollow: step up, gentlemen, an' try your luck—sixteen to one!" The "sweet little thing" on Second Avenue would never have recognized her beloved "Shorty" in the earnest exhorter beseeching the crowd to "take a spin on his wheel," which was the wheel of fortune. There was a flavor in his speech, and an intense look in his face that, it is to be feared, the "sweet little thing" had never been favored with. The Under-World makes love more or less as the Upper World does; like the Upper World, it also becomes really in earnest when it makes money.

Adolph Hochheimer, Mayor of Cornville.

"Dodd gast that squirt of a wheel anyhow.—Soy, you, behind there, when am I goin' to win? You got five o' my dollars, an' I ain't won oncet."

The words were deceiving and unnatural, but Mr. Eady's voice was the same in Ohio as in the "Clink." He was a better "tool" than "stall," as the Upper World knew to its sorrow; but "tools" have no function in sure thing games, and he was doing his best to make the people "bite."

"Roll 'er again. I'll chance another; make or break, win or bust. The old woman 'll dress me down, but shucks!—hard words don't lower the price o' eggs."

The wheel began to slacken its pace for the sixth time. The little pea lingered exasperatingly near the blanks; Mr. Renn made a slight movement with his foot, the pea moved slowly toward the winning colors. The wheel stopped.

"Here's your money, sir. See if it's right before you leave; ten fives an' three tens. Make room for the rest.—Sixteen to one, gentlemen—if you choose the right color—a mere charity I'm offerin' you, jus' to advertise the show. Step up, gentlemen; don't let the grass grow on your luck. Circus day comes but once a year.—Don't push there. Take your time. Time's only thing cheaper 'an circus lemonade; the big tent don't open for an hour yet. Easy there, I tell you. You two fellows in front stop your shovin'."

Mr. Burras and Mr. Frood were leading the innocents to the slaughter. The innocents could hardly wait to be led; they jostled Mr. Eady aside before he could count his winnings, and fortune's wheel had made a number of turns by the time he broke through the surging mob and made his way to the rear to spur on those who still held back. It was "a hot time" such as the four celebrities had prayed for; the "Hoosier pineth for eddication," Mr. Eady said, and the Hoosier got it. The three "stalls" had to turn policemen and keep the crowd back, it was so eager to learn by experi-

ence. Dollars, in silver and paper, were thrust into Mr. Renn's hands with a rapidity which at times came very near making him forget to halt the pea at the losing colors. There was grumbling among the losers; but fatuity is infinite and inexhaustible in the ranks behind the first, and people in the rear elbowed those in front of them aside in their haste to benefit the eloquent Renn. Sixteen in exchange for one! and every man convinced beforehand of his natural and inalienable luck! Cornville did not come to its senses till a few minutes before the entertainment in the big tent began. Then there were remarks more militant than consoling. "Mob 'em!" cried one indignant citizen who had sowed dollars and reaped wisdom and scorned it. The life of a celebrity is hard: there were even members of the crowd who suggested tar and feathers. But they reckoned without the Powers That Rule. "Clear the way here," commanded the Chief of Police, at the head of an imposing squad sworn in for the day; "no crowding!" Incidentally, the Chief received ten per cent. of the net proceeds.

"But, Chief, we've been done," protested a bucolic chorus.

"Get out, you milk-skins; go in an' see the show." And the Chief whisked them aside.

"But, Chief," screamed a little German, "I vant mein money back. I loose two dollars. Dose fellows is slickers, I vant to tell you."

"Choke it off, Dutchy, you're excited. Take a run around the ring with the baby elephant."

"Bei Gott, I vill do noddings of de kint. I go straight to de Mayor. Vill some off you peoples go mit me?"

The entertainment had begun, and the "peoples" were there to see it; but ten who had lost heavily agreed to accompany the German to the Mayor's office. They were not influential or prominent, but the majority of them were voters, and the Mayor was amenable to reason when reason took the form of applied mathematics.

"Do you mean to say that they are running skin games—gambling—on the show grounds?" asked the initiated Mayor.

"Bei Gott, dat's vat I tell you. Von man, he tell me I get seventy dollar for two. Dot is a lie. Alzo I loose mein two dollars. Ven peoples loose money, dat is gambling—in Chermanny, in Amerika, bei Gott, eferywhere!"

"Gentlemen, you surprise me: I will see that those games are stopped immediately. I am glad you called my attention to the matter. I have to thank you in the name of the city of Cornville. Good afternoon, gentlemen; it is upon such public-spirited citizens as you that every official who is interested in good government must depend."

The afternoon entertainment of the "Great and Only" circus was drawing to a close, the chariots were tearing around the big ring on the last lap, the speculators were getting ready to leave, and the performers for the "concert" after the "show" were peeking through the curtains of their dressing rooms to see how many had been persuaded to wait to see them do their "stunt." The four celebrities and the gentleman in the full-jeweled regimentals of a sport—the "special officer" of the "Great and Only"—were in solemn conclave just outside the main entrance.

"The Chief says the Mayor has ordered the games shut down," said the special officer; "told me to tell you 't he'd have to make a pitch if you give the wheel another turn. It's all off."

"But we ain't even got our fixin' money back yet," objected Mr. Burras. "We'll be *losers* if we have to quit now." He threw an accent of really moral indignation into the word *losers*.

"Losers in a pig's eye!" exclaimed Mr. Frood. "If you'll stand for the dip!"—and he gave the special officer a dig in the ribs with his thumb—"we'll get our dough back ten times over. How much commission have you got to have?"

"Seein' how things is runnin', I can't risk it under twenty-five per cent."

"Will you square the hollers?"

"If they don't holler too loud."

"Done!"

It was the crowd that was "done." Mr. Eady graciously consented to resume his old rôle of "tool," and the other three hummed the tune of the pickpocket's song:

> Oh, we are three stalls,
> Three jolly old stalls,
> We live like royal Turks;
> We're on the dip to win our chuck;
> To h—l with the man that works!

The band began to play, the flap of the main entrance to the big tent was thrown open, the crowd rushed out, and the four celebrities started "to do business."

So long as Cornville lasts and reminiscences are permissible, the story of the business that the four did will be told and re-

told. It was a revenge which has become classic, even in *blasé* "gun" circles. As Mr. Frood graphically put it, "The crowd was simply ripped open." When it had dispersed, and men went over the grounds to clean up for the rush and departure of the evening, the "weeded leathers" filled to overflowing a bushel basket. The Cornville public prints of the next day's issue estimated that $3,000 changed hands during the short space of time that the four were active. There was "beefing" galore, but the "Great and Only" folded its tent and stole away in the night, and the special officer squared no "hollers."

The life in the "Clink" was at its height. The three negroes were strumming their guitars and vociferating in chorus:

I'se got a little baby, but she's out o' sight—
I talk to her across the telephone;
I'se never seen ma honey, but she's mine all right,
So take ma tip an' leave dis gal alone.

The room was full of smoke, the patrolman of the "beat" was getting his "eye-opener" at the back door, and the Salvation Army lassie in full uniform was ostentatiously vending her tracts. The four celebrities sat at their favorite table, drinking champagne. There had been toasts to Cornville, to Mayor Hochheimer, to the "Great and Only," and to The Crowd; and Mr. Frood rose to reply to "Ohio."

"The dear old State," and he struck the Fourth of July orator's attitude. "May she keep her junctions open, cherish her fixers, never go back on guns, an' breed a fresh crop o' suckers ev'ry year—drink it down!"

CHORUS: "Drink it down!"

And the three negroes, under the inspiration of fate, which does things handsomely, struck into the chorus:

Get your money's worth, I've had ma gin an' feel mighty glad,
Get your money's worth, an' have a good time but don't get bad,
Get your money's worth, dance yourself clean off the earth,
If you want to have fun,
Bring your razor an' *your* gun,
An' get your *money's* worth!

A MATTER OF TASTE.

By Edith Wyatt.

HENRY NORRIS, a young man of sound intelligence, upright character, and a slight property in real estate, had been employed for some years in a railroad office in Chicago.

He was a thoroughly nice person, of a light tan color, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a rapid, estimative glance.

His eye-glasses, his dark-blue clothes, and his habit of allowing no one an inch of personal opinion brought him everywhere a high respect and consideration; and his life was contentedly passed in brisk judgments and classifications by his Standard.

This he took with him everywhere, and by it he measured everything: art, conduct of life, passion, clothes, amusements, whatever he saw or heard.

He advised his sisters and his cousins in all their affairs; his mother and his aunt consulted him about everything; and they all, too, measured by the Standard, adopting it as their own.

Around the corner from the establishment of Henry, his mother, and his sisters, there lived a young German couple who had no Standard at all.

These were a Mr. Sigurd Bhaer, a flute-player, and his wife, Ottilie.

Ottilie Bhaer was a gentle, affectionate girl, tall, stiff, and blooming, like some bright, trellised garden flower. She had a pleasure-loving, sympathetic temperament, and a gay, shouting laugh, very hearty, and much too loud.

Her color was rubicund, almost purple; and she dressed her shining flaxen hair high, in elaborate braids and neat puffs above her good-natured eyes and wide, smiling mouth.

Every night when Sigurd, a thin, dark little German, with wavy mustache and wild eyes, reached home, after putting on his smoking jacket, a pair of curling Turkish slippers, and an entirely causeless fez, he would run out with a high blue stein to the nearest saloon, and return with it filled with foaming beer.

Then, after supper, he and Ottilie would sit out over the street, on an iron balcony so small that they were obliged to put the

flower-pots in when they went out. Here they would watch the street-cars or the passers-by. Sometimes Ottilie would read aloud "Zweite Frau" or "The Old Mamselle's Secret"; and sometimes Sigurd would read aloud "Wallenstein," or his favorite poem, "Der Tauscher."

As Ottilie sat beside him, open-eyed and sympathetic in the excitement of the narrative, he would lean fiercely forward from the edge of his chair, occasionally glaring with dramatic fervor, and almost bursting, as he hissed: "Und es Wallet, und Siedet, und Brauset, und Zischt."

Ottilie and Sigurd played together on the flute and the piano, and sang duets, not particularly well, but with the greatest enjoyment. They went to all the good music and acting offered in the city, by sitting in the least expensive seats. They had season tickets to the Thomas concerts. And every Sunday afternoon in summer they spent in concert gardens, riding in open cars, or walking on the white-stretching drive by the sunlit lake, Ottilie radiantly dressed in a bright-blue silk waist and a hat of a variegated flower bed, and Sigurd comfortable and enthusiastic in a low collar and a baggy bicycle cap.

Among Ottilie's friends was one of Henry Norris's sisters, Elsie Norris. She had known Ottilie in school; and had enjoyed with her many happy hours of picking out tunes by ear on the piano, and of revel in "Zweite Frau."

It must be admitted that Elsie behaved rather darkly with Henry about the amount of time she spent in this unprofitable manner. She knew that there was no hope of combining Henry with Sigurd and Ottilie: they could never fit the Standard.

Their culture, developed in the training of a lifelong and genuine pleasure, in artistic expression, rather than in reading a number of books, was not what Henry considered culture. Their refinement, consisting in a certain warm and delicate sympathy rather than in a reserved manner and eyeglasses, was not what Henry considered refinement. As for their progress, when Elsie saw Ottilie and Sigurd sitting over North Clark Street, in their little, crowded, iron balcony, she saw in them that somewhat amusing and very fine unconsciousness, and that lovely democracy characteristic of the most advanced spirits. But it would not have been possible to persuade Henry that there was anything progressive in the Bhaers. Where he could not find them progressive, or cultured, or refined, he must have judged them guilty. It was a necessity of his nature to judge everything.

Elsie, on the other hand, never judged anything, partly because she really had no Standard, partly because of a temperamental laziness.

She was a good-natured, easy-going girl, blond, and rather pretty, whose main effort was to make her shirt-waists look as well as possible, and to have a little fun. Her taste in fun was not at all the same as Henry's.

He, like Sigurd and Ottilie, read aloud sometimes in the evenings, and perhaps the difference between his conception of fun and Elsie's may be accurately indicated by his selection in art.

Out of all the field of letters Henry chose a book beautifully bound, in three volumes, and called "Buonarotti and the Minor Sonneteers of Milan." It consisted of a number of biographies of obscure writers of very poor sonnets, with a little bland comment on the work of each.

Henry said that the book showed a wonderful knowledge of letters, and the sisters and aunts of Mrs. Norris said that it was perfectly fascinating.

Elsie, on the other hand, never felt life more vacuous than while she was sitting hearing Henry's clear, quiet voice intelligently emphasizing: "Guido Boracchio's Rhyme Cadence, while less sonorous than Reni's, surpasses the famous Tuscan's in a certain dulcet prolongation of the cesura. His great service to modern art lies, indeed, in his introduction of the bucolic dieresis into the poetry of Europe; and the importance of this to modern letters, indicating, as it does, the dawn of a new-culture epoch, can hardly be over-estimated."

Often Elsie longed at such moments for the "Old Mamselle's Secret." Often she wondered whether the introduction of the bucolic dieresis really could not be overestimated, and what peculiar enchantment the compiler of the sonneteers' lives cast upon Henry, that night after night he should read on and on in the volume of his mystic choice. And once, when a harpist and violinist outside played the prison song from "Il Trovatore" with all kinds of slovenly mistakes, but with real vigor and pleasure and sharp effect, she forgetfully rose and left "Buonarotti and the Minor Sonneteers of Milan," to listen to a more honest and sympathetic exposition of art.

It need not be supposed that her action

escaped Henry's notice, and the unworthy tendency it revealed became even more apparent to him on a certain evening when he and Elsie went to a Thomas concert.

It was rather a field day on account of the presence of a famous soloist—a rising pianist—and the presentation of an unusually interesting programme. Many musicians were present, and, as it happened, Henry and Elsie sat behind Ottilie and Sigurd.

They whispered excitedly together while the orchestra took its place and settled down in a phalanx of familiar faces, with the horns and trumpets twisting and gluttering above, the bass viols looming at the sides, the drums and bells at one corner, and the crowd of graceful violins clustering in front, around the leader's stand.

Sigurd muttered the first bar of the opening number, scowling fearfully, and Elsie heard Ottilie whispering: "Oh, how can I wait for it to begin!"

It did begin, finally. The leader took his place, raised his baton, and the music floated over the expectant house in some heavenly melody, intangible, and yet unspeakably real and beautiful, like a bubble or a foaming eddy.

The evening's entertainment had begun; and through all the perfections and the failures of its art Ottilie and Sigurd sat rapt in a world of enchantment. Occasionally they shook their heads and frowned disapprovingly at an interpretation; occasionally they looked at each other and smiled, while behind them Henry followed the music with intelligent zeal in the programme.

The climax of the concert was reached by the soloist in the second part of the programme with a popular encore, none other than the "Erlkönig."

The pianist had aroused greater applause earlier in the evening, but his soundest effort, the work of his most deeply, if not most widely, appreciated, was in his presentation of that cold and stirring ballad.

From the first thrilling phrase of the beginning up to the chill horror of the end the best of the audience was sympathetic with his expression, rapt with his power. And almost before the sound died his ability was receiving its sure applause. Sigurd and other expansive spirits rose and shouted "Bravo!" and Ottilie wept.

All the hours and days and years of the man's endeavor were present to her in his success; her tears were from sympathy as well as from admiration; and partly, too, from the excitement of seeing in the field of work she had always known—among its blunders and patience and devotion—an achieved and splendid excellence.

After the concert was over Elsie saw Ottilie still talking about it with Sigurd in the opposite end of a crowded street-car.

"Ah, when it came sweeping there—how wonderful!" Sigurd was saying. He spread out his hands in the air on an imaginary keyboard and gave an absent demonstration of a few rapid chords, to the delight of the other passengers.

The cold, wild beauty of the "Erlkönig" music kept sounding in Elsie's head still while she and Henry walked home. She was still happy in its sweeping poetry and its power, and she looked at Henry's kind, refined face with an especial affection, suddenly feeling that it was uncandid and unworthy in her not always to speak to him freely.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" she said finally, and she slipped her hand into his.

"What, dear?"

"'Erlkönig.'"

Henry instantly released her hand at this. He was far too consistent and sincere to retain the hand of a person not entirely cultured, refined, and progressive in opinion. And he replied:

"Referring to the music, not the words, of course, it seems to me not entirely sane—not eminently the work of a man who saw life steadily and saw it whole."

Some unwise pertness and perversity seized on Elsie at this inapt application of a familiar criticism, and in a foolish impulse of truthfulness she said:

"Well, Henry, don't you think that any one who tried to see life whole in one short piece of musical work would be a rather presumptuous creature?"

Henry at first made no reply. Then he answered with real sharpness:

"Why, all the great artists have seen life steadily and seen it whole. Besides, the 'Erlkönig' is *not* in the first rank of classic music."

It would have been impossible to say why comment of a character she had heard all her life should suddenly have infuriated Elsie with its complacent fatuity and silly hardness. It was on her tongue to say that she didn't care a rap for the rank of the "Erlkönig," only for itself. But she found herself too furious to speak.

They walked the rest of the way home in silence. But as they went into the house she began to wonder why she unaccountably took Henry so seriously.

She looked at him as he turned down the hall-light, casting the shadow of his eye-glass cord over his nice, intelligent face, his straight brow, and sensitive mouth; and suddenly she realized that his Standard was as inevitably a part of him as the very color of his eyes.

He had been born with it, as people are born with silver spoons or a deformity, and to be irritated with him for it was really very unreasonable.

He was the gentlest of creatures, and as Elsie turned to go up-stairs he held out his hand to her, somewhat benevolently, it is true, but still with the sweetest brotherliness and tenderness. And they both felt that in a various world every one has need of a great deal of patience.

UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS OF HISTORY.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

FROM PAPERS LEFT BY STEPHEN R. MALLORY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY IN THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION.

LAST CABINET CONFERENCES AND NEGOTIATIONS FOR JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

THE curious life of the fleeing Confederate Government in its "Cabinet car" at Greensboro continued for nearly a week, and was not all discomfort. Indeed, the difficulties of their position were minimized by the spirit with which these men encountered every trial. Here was the astute "Minister of Justice," a grave and most exemplary gentleman, with a piece of half-broiled "middling" in one hand and a hoe-cake in the other, his face beaming unmistakable evidence of the condition of the bacon. There was the clever Secretary of State busily dividing his attention between a bucket of stewed dried apples and a haversack of hard-boiled eggs. Here was a Postmaster-General sternly and energetically running his bowie knife through a ham as if it were the chief business of life; and there was the Secretary of the Navy courteously swallowing his coffee scalding hot that he might not keep the venerable Adjutant-General waiting too long for the coveted tin cup! All personal discomforts were not only borne with cheerful philosophy, but were made the constant texts for merry comment, quaint anecdotes, or curious story. State sovereignty, secession, foreign intervention and recognition, finance and independence, the ever recurring and fruitful themes of discussion, gave place to the more pressing and practical questions of dinner or no dinner, and how, when, and where it was to be had, and to schemes and devices for enabling a man of six feet to sleep upon a car seat four feet long.

On the 11th of April, in obedience to an invitation from the President, Generals Johnston and Beauregard reached Greensboro for a conference upon the military situation.

"Joe" Johnston, as he was universally known in the army, had more of the *air militaire* than any other officer of the Confederate service. Of medium height, about five feet eight, and weighing about 150 pounds, he had a well-formed and developed figure; a clean, elastic step; an erect, manly, graceful carriage; and an impressive air of command. Bronzed by the sun and hardened by exposure, he seemed in the best condition to meet any possible demand upon his physique; while his grave, handsome face and bright eye, telling of intellectual power and cultivation, were frequently lighted up by a flashing, sunny smile, which betrayed, in spite of an habitual expression of firmness and austerity, a genial nature and a ready appreciation of humor. The Confederate armies included many educated and efficient men in high grades, gentlemen of Christian

faith and practice, and of military genius, experience, and capacity; but, in the judgment of those who served under him, there was none who could be more truthfully designated as a soldier *sans peur et sans reproche* than "Old Joe."

The views of Generals Johnston and Beauregard of the military situation of the Confederacy have already been referred to. On the 15th of April, at Greensboro, General Johnston fully and frankly expressed to a member of the Cabinet, an old personal friend, his conviction that all further resistance to the Federal forces east of the Mississippi would but augment the sufferings and desolation of the country without the slightest prospect of achieving independence. He sustained his opinions by reference to the relative positions, power, and resources of the belligerents.

"What, in your judgment," said his friend, "do the best interests of our people require of the government?"

"We must stop fighting at once," said General Johnston, "and secure peace upon the best terms we can obtain."

"Can we secure terms?"

"I think we can," he replied. "At all events, we should make the effort at once, for we are at the end of our row."

"General Johnston," said his friend, "your position as the chief of this army and as military commander of this department demands from you a frank statement of your views to the President. You believe that our cause is hopeless, and that further resistance with the means at our command would not only be useless, but unjustifiable, and that we should lay down our arms and secure the best terms we can get for our people. I will, if you please, state all this to the President; but I think *you* had better do so at once, and explicitly."

"General Beauregard and I have been requested to meet the President this evening," he replied, "and I will give him my opinions very explicitly. You will not find me reticent upon them."

At eight o'clock that evening the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Trenholm, whose illness prevented his attendance, joined the President at his room. It was a small apartment, some twelve by sixteen feet, containing a bed, a few chairs, and a table with writing materials, and was situated on the second floor of the small dwelling of Mrs. John Taylor Wood, and a few minutes after eight o'clock the two generals entered.

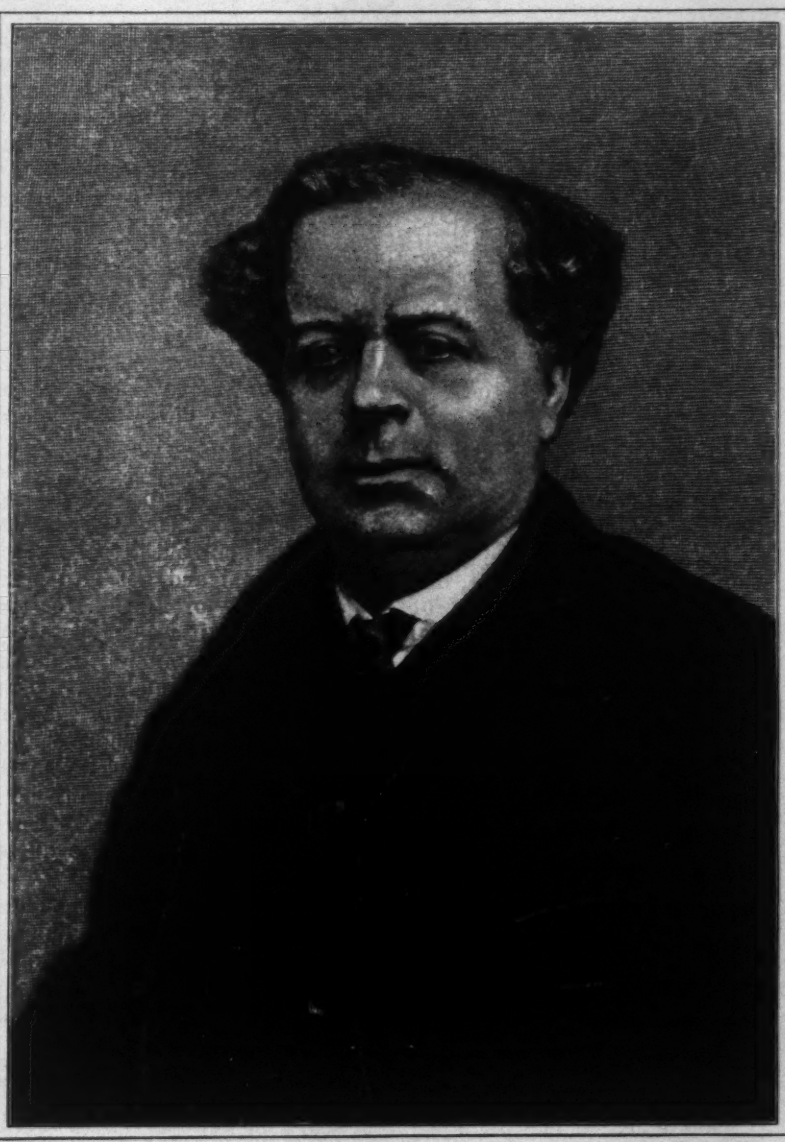
The uniform habit of President Davis in Cabinet meeting was to consume some little time in general conversation before entering upon the business of the occasion. At such times he not infrequently introduced some anecdote or interesting episode, generally some reminiscence of his early life in the army, the Mexican War, or his Washington experiences; and his manner of relating, and his application of them was at all times most happy and pleasing. Few men seized more readily upon the pleasant aspects of any transaction, or turned them to better account; and his powers of mimicry, whenever he condescended to exercise them, were inimitable. Upon this occasion, at a time when the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless; when its soldiers were disbanding and returning to their homes; when its government, stripped of nearly all its power, could not hope to exist beyond a few days more; and when the enemy, more powerful and exultant than ever, was advancing upon all sides; true to his habit, the President introduced several subjects of conversation unconnected with the condition of the country, and then, turning to General Johnston, he said, in his usual, quiet, grave way, when entering upon matters of business:

"I have requested you and General Beauregard, General Johnston, to join us this evening, that we may have the benefit of your views upon the situation of the country. Of course we all feel the magnitude of the moment. Our late disasters are terrible; but I do not think we should regard them as fatal. I think we can whip the enemy yet, if our people will turn out. We must look at matters calmly, however, and see what is left for us to do. Whatever can be done must be done at once. We have not a day to lose."

A pause ensued, General Johnston not seeming to deem himself expected to speak; when the President said, "We should like to have your views, General Johnston."

Upon this, the General, without preface or introduction, his words translating the expression that his face had worn since he entered the room, said in his terse, concise, demonstrative way, as if seeking to condense thoughts that were crowding for utterance:

"My views are, sir, that our people are tired of the war, feel themselves whipped, and will not fight. Our country is overrun, its military resources greatly diminished, while the enemy's military power and resources were never greater and may be increased to any extent desired. We cannot place another large army in the field, and, cut off as



STEPHEN RUSSELL MALLORY.

United States Senator for ten years, then Secretary of the Navy in the Confederate Cabinet, from its formation in 1861, to the end of the war.

From a photograph furnished by his daughter, and considered by his family as his best portrait.

we are from foreign intercourse, I do not see how we could maintain it in fighting condition if we had it. My men are daily deserting in large numbers, and are stealing my artillery teams to aid their escapes to their homes. Since Lee's surrender they regard the war as at an end. If I march out of North Carolina her people will all leave my ranks. It will be the same as I proceed south through South Carolina and Georgia, and I shall expect to retain no man beyond the by-road or cow-path that leads to his home. My small force is melting away like snow before the sun, and I am hopeless of recruiting it."

The tone and manner, almost spiteful, in

which General Johnston jerked out these brief, decisive sentences, pausing at every period, left no doubt as to his own convictions. When he ceased speaking, a pause of some two or three minutes ensued. Whatever was thought of his statements, and their importance was fully understood, they elicited neither comment nor inquiry. The President, who, during their delivery, had sat with his eyes fixed upon a scrap of paper, which he was folding and refolding abstractedly, had listened without a change of position or expression. He now broke the silence by saying in a low, even tone: "What do you say, General Beauregard?"

"I concur in all General Johnston has said," he replied.

Another silence, more eloquent of the full appreciation of the condition of the country than words could have been, succeeded, during which the President's manner was unchanged. After a brief pause, he said, without variation of tone or expression, and without raising his eyes from the slip of paper between his fingers: "Well, General Johnston, what do you propose? You speak of obtaining terms. You know, of course, that the enemy refuses to treat with us. How do you propose to obtain terms?"

"I think the opposing generals in the field may arrange them."

"Do you think Sherman would treat with you?"

"I have no reason to think otherwise. Such a course would be perfectly legitimate and in accordance with military usage."

"We can easily try it, sir; if we can accomplish any good for the country, heaven knows I am not particular as to form. How will you reach Sherman?"

"I would address him a brief note proposing an interview to arrange terms of surrender and peace, embracing, of course, a cessation of hostilities during the negotiations."

"Well, sir, you can adopt this course, though I confess I am not sanguine as to ultimate results."

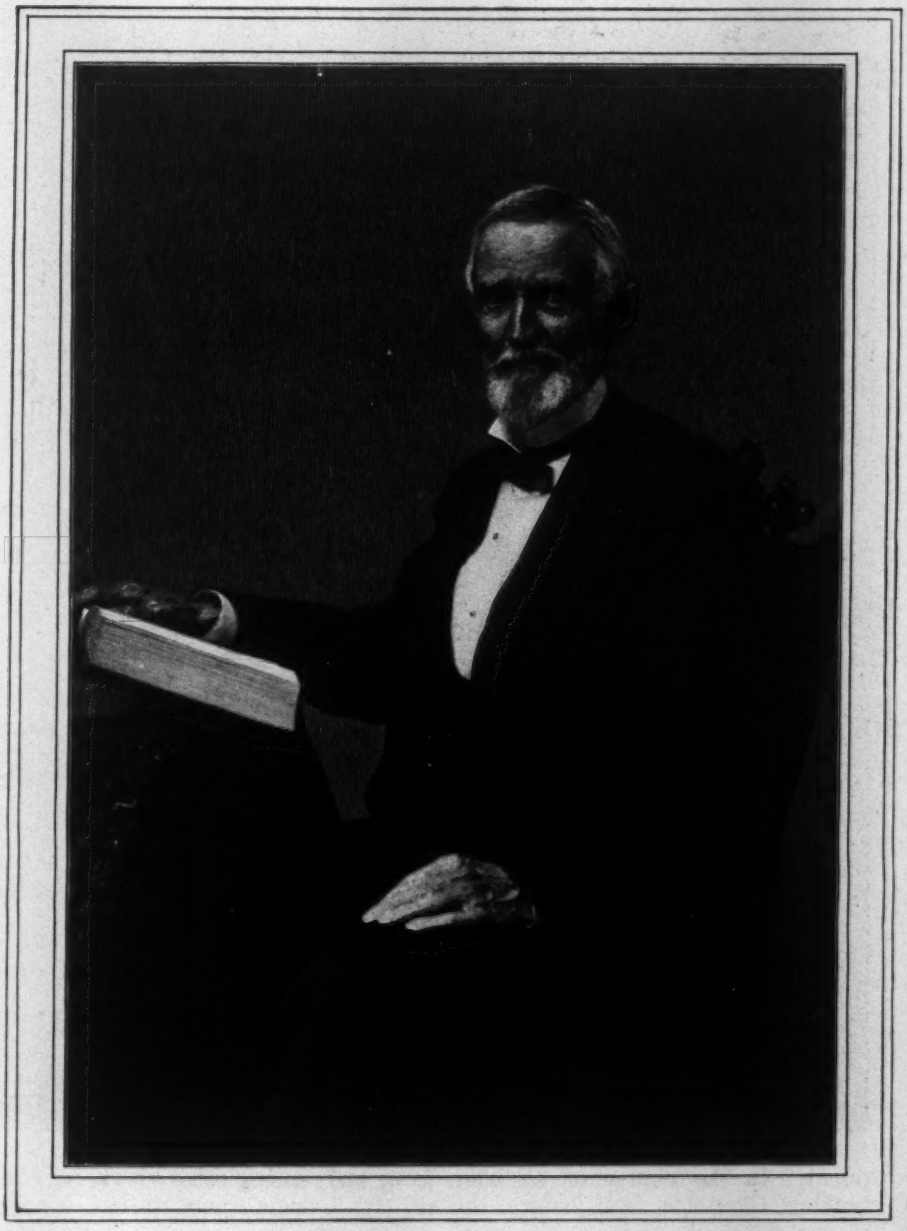
The member of the Cabinet before referred to as conversing with General Johnston, who was anxious that his views should be promptly carried out, immediately seated himself at the writing-table, and, taking up a pen, offered to act as the General's amanuensis. At the request of the latter, however, the President dictated the letter to General Sherman, which was written at once upon a half sheet of letter, folded as note-paper, and signed by General Johnston, who took it and said he would send it to General Sherman early in the morning; and in a few minutes the conference broke up.

This note, which was a brief proposition for the suspension of hostilities and a conference with a view to agreeing upon terms of peace, has been published with other letters which passed between the two generals.

On or about the 16th of April the President, his staff, and the Cabinet left Greensboro to proceed still further south, with plans unformed, clinging to the hope that Johnston and Sherman would secure peace and the quiet of the country, but still all doubtful as to the result, and still more doubtful as to the consequences of failure. It was evident to every dispassionate mind that no further military stand could be made, and that Mr. Davis should secure his safety by leaving the country in the event of the failure of these negotiations; and hence it was deemed expedient that he should place himself further south, to be ready to cross the Mississippi and get into Mexico, or to leave the coast of Florida for the Bahamas or Cuba. But it was no less evident that Mr. Davis was extremely reluctant to quit the country at all, and that he would make no effort to leave it so long as he could find an organized body of troops, however small, in the field. He shrank from the idea of abandoning any body of men who might still be found willing to strike for the cause, and gave little attention to the question of his personal safety.

In leaving Greensboro, Mr. Reagan, Mr. Breckenridge, and Mr. Mallory rode with Mr. Davis and his three aides on horseback; and Mr. Trenholm, Mr. George Davis, and Mr. Benjamin, the other three members of the Cabinet, were in ambulances with General Cooper and other officers. The roads were bad from recent rains and great use of them without repairs. The route lay through Jamestown, High Point, and Lexington, and at the latter place, which they reached at nine o'clock at night, they remained all night. Mr. Davis and a portion of his Cabinet stopped at the house of Mr. Barringer, where they were most cordially and hospitably received, and where Mrs. Barringer, a most interesting lady of cultivation and refinement, evinced all the warmth and kindness of a true daughter of the South. Mr. Davis was very moody and unhappy, and this was the first day on which I had noticed in him any evidence of an abandonment of hope.

The party left Lexington during the forenoon of the next day, rode slowly to keep



JEFFERSON DAVIS AT 77 YEARS OF AGE.

From a photograph loaned by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

with the wagons and ambulances, crossed the head-waters of the Peedee, and reached Salisbury that evening. Salisbury had been occupied by the enemy, and much of the town, including the valuable depot and railroad buildings, had been destroyed. Mr. Davis went to the house of a private friend, where he remained all night, and on the following afternoon the party again started south, stopping that night at the little town of Concord. On the following day they rode into Charlotte.

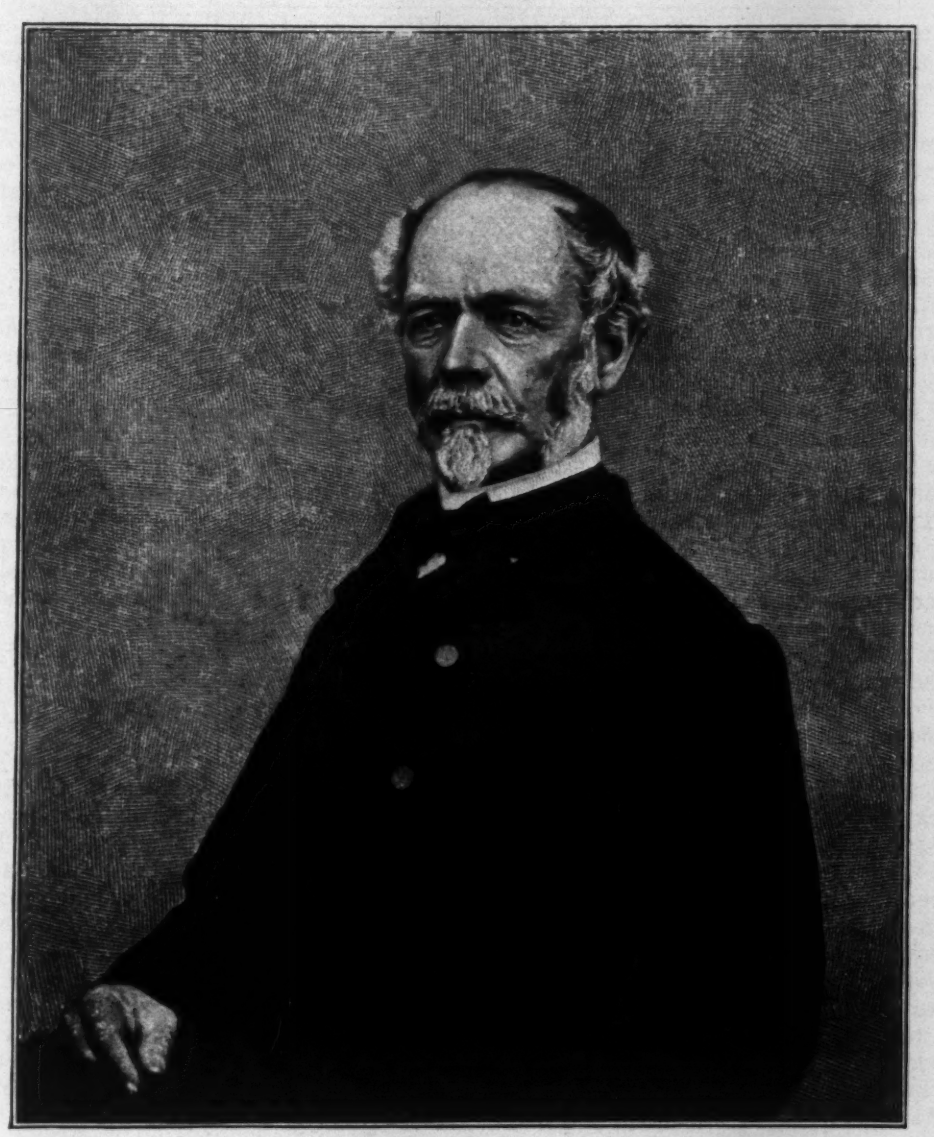
Here the Confederate Government had several public establishments, many local officers, and arrangement had been made for the accommodation of Mr. Davis and his Cabinet at private houses. They were received and treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy. Upon all sides, however, the proofs of the hopelessness of the cause

GENERAL PIERRE G. T. BEAUREGARD.

were evident. In the course of an hour after reaching Charlotte, and before the party had separated for their several quarters, a despatch was received from Mr. Breckenridge, who had, with Mr. Reagan returned to Johnston's camp at Greensboro, announcing to Mr. Davis the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

I was not with Mr. Davis when he received it, but meeting him a few minutes afterwards, and having in the meantime heard of the despatch, I expressed my utter disbelief of the assassination. He replied that it sounded to him like a canard, but that in revolutionary times events no less startling were constantly occurring. I expressed my deep regret, and, among other views, my conviction of Mr. Lincoln's moderation, his sense of justice, and my apprehension that the South would be accused of instigating his death. To this Mr. Davis replied, sadly: "I certainly have no special regard for Mr. Lincoln; but there are a great many men of whose end I would much rather have heard than his. I fear it will be disastrous to our people, and I regret it deeply."

The party remained at Charlotte about one week. While here, Mr. Davis received the propositions agreed upon between Johnston and Sherman for peace, submitted them to his Cabinet, and called upon the members present for written opinions upon the sub-



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

ject. These were called for about ten o'clock in the evening, when the terms were received, and the Cabinet met him at ten next morning, all present except Mr. Breckenridge, who had approved them, and who was then with Johnston; and Mr. Trenholm, who was sick at a private house in Charlotte. No comparison or interchange of opinion had been had, and yet their views were nearly identical as to the condition of the country, the character of the terms, and the policy of accepting them, and Mr. Trenholm, when called upon, concurred in the views of his colleagues. They were thus returned to Johnston approved. Three days afterwards Mr. Davis received a despatch from Johnston announcing that the government of the United States disapproved Sherman's course, and that no other terms than those offered by Grant to Lee could be given. Johnston accepted these terms within the time agreed upon, and surrendered his army.

No other course now seemed open to Mr. Davis but to leave the country, as he had announced his willingness to do, and his immediate advisers urged him to do so with the utmost promptness. Troops began to come into Charlotte, however, escaping from Johnston's surrender, and there was much talk among them of crossing the Mississippi

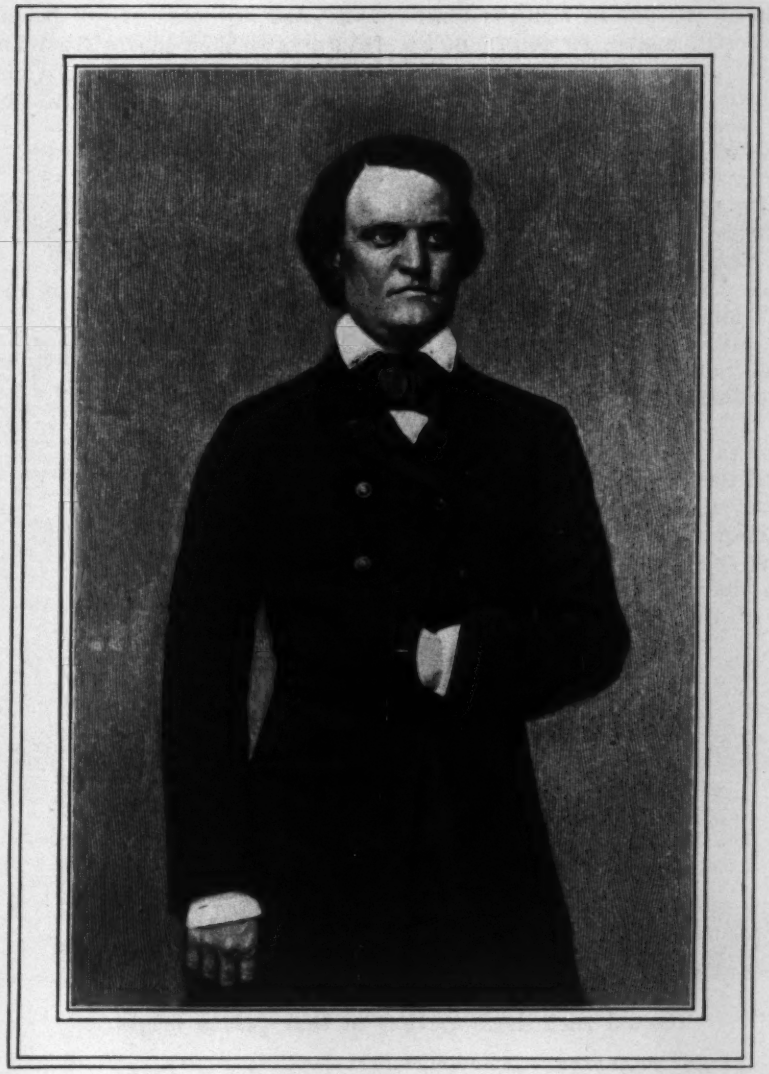
and continuing the war. Portions of Hampton's, Duke's, Debrell's, and Fergusson's commands of the cavalry were hourly coming in. They seemed determined to get across the river and fight it out, and whenever they encountered Mr. Davis they cheered and sought to encourage him. It was evident that he was greatly affected by the constancy and spirit of these men, and that he became indifferent to his own safety, thinking only of gathering together a body of troops to make head against the foe and so arouse the people to arms. His friends, however, saw the urgent expediency of getting further south as rapidly as possible, and after a week's stay at Charlotte they started with an escort of some two or three hundred cavalry, and two days afterwards reached Yorkville, South Carolina, traveling slowly and not at all like men escaping from the country. At Yorkville, Colonel Preston and other gentlemen had arranged for the accommodation of Mr. Davis and his party at private houses, and here they remained one night and a part of the next day. The cavalry escort scouted extensively and kept Mr. Davis advised of the position of the enemy's forces, to avoid which was a matter of some difficulty. With this view the party from Yorkville rode over to a point below Clinton, on the Lawrenceville and Columbus Railroad, and thence struck off to Cokesboro, on the Greenville Railroad. Here the party received the kindest attention at private houses. On the evening of his arrival, Mr. Davis received news by a scout that the enemy's cavalry in considerable force was but ten miles off, and that he was pressing stock upon all sides, and it was deemed advisable to make but a brief stay.

At two o'clock in the morning Mr. Davis was aroused by another scout, who announced that he had left the enemy only ten miles off, and that they would be in the town in two or three hours. Preparations were made with such forces as could be mustered, consisting of fragments of different cavalry commands to give him a proper reception, and four hours were thus passed without further alarm. At half-past six o'clock in the morning the party rode out of Cokesboro toward Abbeville, expecting an encounter at any moment, and prepared to fight, but Abbeville was safely reached without seeing an enemy. From all that could be learned here, however, it was evident that the hostile cavalry was making diligent efforts to capture Mr. Davis and his party.

The escort was here collected, or so much of it as was left, and upon conversing with its officers, Mr. Davis was candidly apprised by some of them that they could not depend upon their men fighting, that they regarded the struggle as over. The officers themselves, and a few men, were ready to do anything in their power to secure his safety; but he became satisfied that the escort was almost useless. He was again urged by his friends to push on south for Florida or west for the Mississippi to secure escape from the country; but the idea of personal safety, when the country's condition was before his eyes, was an unpleasant one to him, and he was ever ready to defer its consideration.

The party had traveled through the country from Charlotte with greater publicity than Dan Rice's caravan enjoyed, and the enemy knew every foot of its progress and where it stopped every night. Wherever Mr. Davis went, he found the people of towns and hamlets at their doors, or outside their gates, ready to greet him and to offer flowers and strawberries, prayers and kind wishes; for the straggling soldiers, passing every day, regularly heralded his progress.

The party left Abbeville at eleven o'clock the same night for Washington, Georgia, a distance of some forty-five miles, and by riding briskly reached the Savannah River at daylight. This they crossed upon a pontoon bridge and reached Washington about ten o'clock A.M. An hour before leaving Abbeville, it was learned that a strong party of Federal cavalry was *en route* for the pontoon bridge, and might reach and destroy it before Mr. Davis and his party could cross; but nothing interrupted our progress except the loss of an hour in determining at the junction of two roads which was the right one. The night was very dark and cold, and at times a slight rain fell. In approaching the river through a swampy country I rode in advance of the party with Colonel William Preston Johnston and a single guide. The party consisted of some twenty wagons, several ambulances, and about 150 mounted men. In passing a small cabin, about twenty yards from the road, where a light shone dimly, I encountered a horseman in the middle of the road, his horse standing still with his head turned toward me. I was alongside of him and in contact with his horse before I was aware of his presence. Seeing him dressed in dark clothes with a band of gold lace shining upon his cap, I supposed at first glance that it was General Duke of the cavalry, who was of the party, and



JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE.

Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Jefferson Davis, from February 6, 1865, to the close of the Rebellion.

whom I had seen with gold lace on his cap. The horseman, however, asked in a hurried manner, "What troops are these coming up? What party is this?" Another glance showed me he was a Federal officer, and I at once feared that his party had reached the bridge, and that he was reconnoitering far in advance. I could have captured him, but reflecting that the road was almost impassable, and that any delay might prevent us from reaching Washington, I replied evasively and invited him to accompany me. He withdrew to the side of the road, however, and there I left him.

At Washington we heard crude statements of cavalry parties of Federals upon all sides. Having previously announced to Mr. Davis my determination not to leave the country, and not to cross the Mississippi with him, for I regarded all designs and plans for continuing the war as wrong, I here handed him a brief note of resignation, took my leave of him, and, joining General Wigfall and wife, started for Atlanta and La Grange, where my wife and children were, and where I resolved to await the action of the government.

In taking leave of Mr. Davis, I told him that I would accompany him if he would determine to go to South Florida and thence leave the country, for I believed I could aid him materially; but up to four o'clock in

the afternoon of the day he reached Washington he was still unable to determine his future course. At about this hour he found that Mrs. Davis and family, who had left Washington the day before, were some twenty miles off, and that he could join them by using the railroad, take leave of them the same night, and return to Washington; and this he seemed inclined to do when I bade him good-by.

I have since learned from Judge Reagan, who was with him, that he did not take this course, but left Washington on horseback with his staff next morning. His capture has been published and commented upon very fully.

I proceeded to Atlanta, was detained there six hours, and thence joined my family at La Grange, Georgia, where some days later I was taken prisoner.

During the ride from Greensboro, North Carolina, to Washington, Georgia, I saw a great deal of the people throughout the route, and still more of our disbanded troops returning to their homes from the armies of Lee and Johnston. All were glad that the "war was over," and yet all regretted defeat.

There never was a cause which more thoroughly united a population than that of the Confederacy. Tears frequently streamed down the faces of the people as Mr. Davis passed and bowed to them, and all hearts overflowed with sympathy for him.*

* Mr. Davis spoke and acted habitually as if conscious of possessing military genius, embracing the qualities of a great soldier. He was more familiar with military history than the majority of men, and was fond of discussing military events and questions. But he never interfered with the actual plans of battle of Confederate generals, so far as I am aware, and was ever cautious as to advising them.

With suggestions to Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, and others, he was sufficiently ready, as his correspondence will show; but these suggestions were so framed as to demonstrate merely his desire to state a point for their consideration. His confidence in Lee's judgment was unbounded, and he regarded him as standing alone among the Confederate soldiers in military capacity. . . . He fully understood and appreciated the evils resulting from hasty conclusions, and guided by a stern conscientiousness and schooled by long mental discipline, his naturally irascible and excitable nature rarely led him into inconsiderate action.

THE PRAYER.

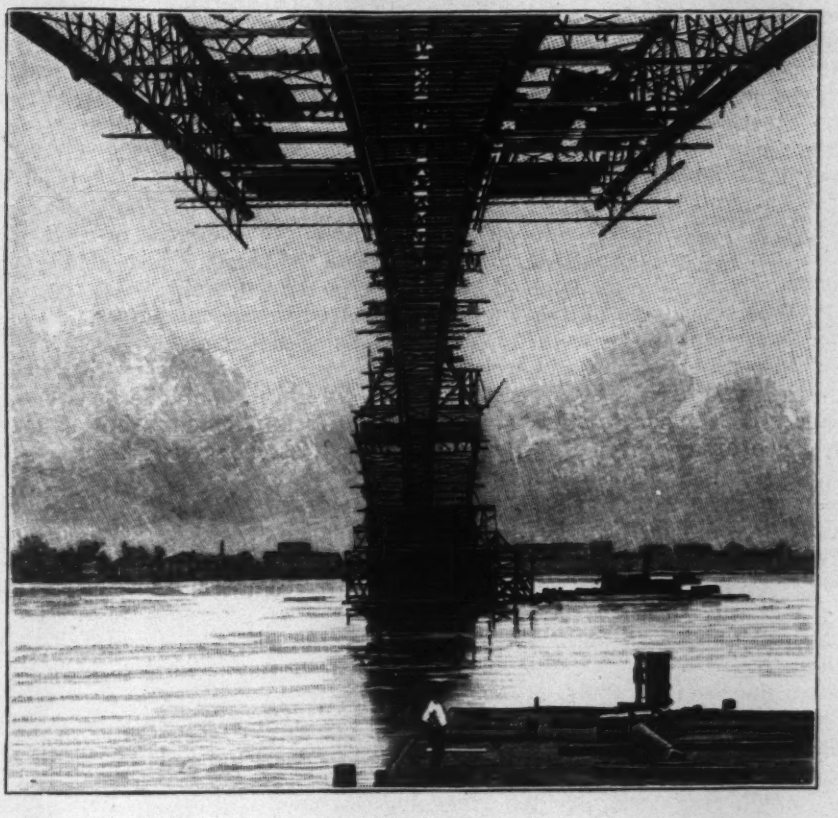
By T. E. Brown.

I WAS in heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
    Unto the place where he
    Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom;
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgling rose,
    And from the tangled press
    Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and "This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master:" so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:
"Whence is this rose, O thou of cherubim
The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said, and smiled,
"This is the first prayer of a little child."

From "The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown," by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

An incomplete span, 552 feet, of the Eads Bridge across the Mississippi, the first great railroad arch and the first steel truss in America. The principal members of the trussed arch ribs are steel tubes made of staves hooped together in hydraulic presses. Each span has four arch ribs, two of which were erected first by the cantilever method, and were then used as a platform from which the others were built. They were guyed by chains of massive steel bars passing over oak towers set on enormous hydraulic rams, to adjust them for varying temperatures. When the last joint was reached the weather was so warm that the expansion of the steel occasioned great delay and difficulty in inserting the final piece, and ice-troughs were put around the great tubes to contract them.



GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS IN MODERN BRIDGE-BUILDING.

By Frank W. Skinner, C.E.,
Associate Editor of "The Engineering Record."

BRIDGE-BUILDING is one of the oldest of the engineering arts, and yet in the principles and methods which it follows to-day it is one of the newest. It is impossible to say when the first bridge was built, so shrouded in antiquity is the date. But the first metal truss bridge, the erection of which marks the beginning of modern methods of construction, was put up no longer ago than 1840. Almost all the great bridges of the world have been built within the past quarter-century. In 1863, a bridge was thrown across the Ohio River with a span of 320 feet, then an unprecedented length. At the present time the limit of a single span has been extended to 1,710 feet in actual construction, while others of nearly 3,000 feet have been designed by able builders and undoubtedly will be erected.

It may be seen, therefore, that in spite of its newness, bridge-building as it is carried on to-day is not an undeveloped art. Within the space of an ordinary lifetime it has attained to a perfection and a final standard

that is comparable with the progress of architecture through all the centuries since the time of the Pyramid-builders. It is safe to say, indeed, that as an art bridge-building has reached a point where it must await the invention of some new material to afford it scope for any radical improvement.

The great factor in this advance has been the improvement in the manufacture of steel and its extension to this branch of construction. Bridges may be built of materials other than steel. Many such have been built, and are now in use. Stone was one of the early materials employed, but stone has never been extended to spans of more than 250 feet. Wooden bridges have been built with spans above 200 feet in length, while others of wood and iron combined have exceeded 300 feet. For all of these materials comparatively low limits are defined by the rapidity with which strains and weights increase with the increase of span. The same consideration applies to steel, but for the performance of any given duty steel is actually much lighter than timber. Steel has no competitor as a material for great bridges at the present day. Even with steel, however, the cost of construction increases approximately with the square of the increase in span. This factor of cost, rather than mechanical difficulties, is likely to set the final limit to the length of bridge spans.

While steel has been the chief element in making possible the big bridges of to-day, it has been by no means the only one. The invention of powerful tools and hydraulic machinery, which forge and lift and rivet massive pieces that previously could not have been made or handled, has contributed to the same result. Every process in the production of these immense structures is carried on now on a scale undreamed of twenty-five years ago.

EVERY BRIDGE A PROBLEM BY ITSELF.

The methods of modern bridge-building form a subject on which it is difficult to generalize effectively. The conditions surrounding the erection of two great bridges are never alike. The engineer's problem is always one of adaptability, while new and perplexing difficulties must be met and overcome in every fresh undertaking. The building of each immense span must be looked upon and judged as a separate engineering feat, rather than as an incident in the general industry. The location of the structure, the conditions surrounding it, and the general purpose for which it is intended, are the fixed factors with which the engineer sets about his task. With these in mind, he plans the finished work, and the results are such as to astonish those unfamiliar with the progress attained by engineering art.

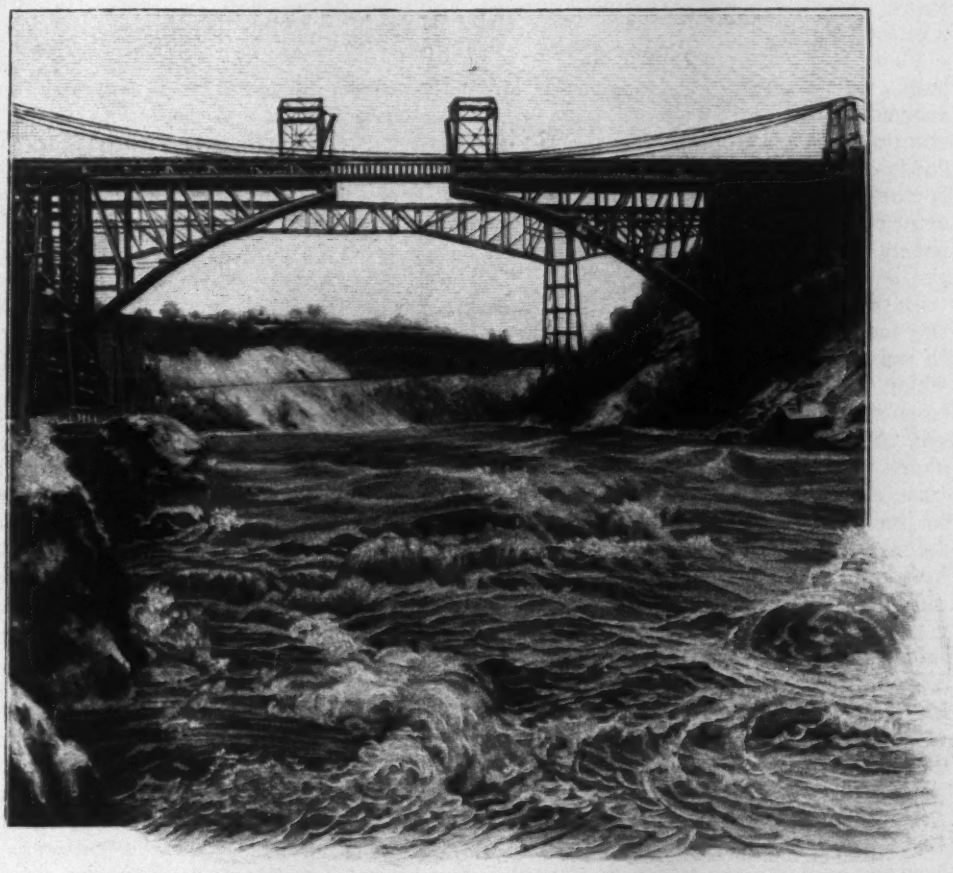
The truss, or skeleton, of separate steel pieces must be so arranged as to convey to the abutments in proper proportions the loads from its own weight and the weights it is intended to carry. The impact and vibration from the vehicles which are to cross it must be determined. The strain of wind and storm beating against it must be calculated. The almost irresistible expansion and contraction of the mass of metal under the influence of summer heat and winter frost must be provided for. All these problems are solved by the computer in his plan. His designs predetermine to the fraction of an inch how much a thousand-foot span will deflect under a load of one or twenty locomotives. It is all figured out before a bar is cut or a stroke given toward actual construction.

After verifying the designs, which are in the field of the mathematician, the next step is to put these designs into form, a task which falls to the lot of the metallurgist and steel-maker. This is by no means an unimportant part of the process. The steel which is to form the bridge is turned out in bars, many of them so strong that singly they could sustain the pull of 14,000 horses hauling on common roads, so ductile that a short bar will stretch half its own length before giving way, so tough that great bars when perfectly cold can be tied into hard knots without cracking.

Following the plans, the bars, plates, and shapes are formed into flexible chains, the weakest links of which can sustain loads of a million pounds each; into huge girders which alone could carry the heaviest trains across an ordinary street; into riveted braces so large and long that eight-oared rowing shells might easily be stored in them. To join the separate parts together, solid steel bolts as large as stovepipes are provided. And the holes for which these bolts are destined are bored and polished to an accuracy of a hundredth of an inch in position and diameter. These features of the work are the best measures of the tools, hydraulic forgings, and electric machinery employed by the manufacturers, who have capital aggregating many millions invested in shops equipped solely for turning out bridge-material.

The outcome of all this is the finished

bridge in the form of a hundred car-loads of rods, bars, braces, girders, columns, and boxes of rivets. They are dumped down at some spot, perhaps in the heart of a wilderness, where the problem of handling them may become one of appalling difficulty. From them the builder must evolve his bridge. car-loads of steam-engines, ropes, tools, timbers, and a few score men, rapidly and safely assembles the great fabric, in summer or winter, storm or flood, with a resourcefulness, skilled ability, and ready courage that can hardly be matched by any other calling.



Three great types of long-span railroad bridges over the Niagara River, showing engineering progress in the last half-century: the 800-foot suspension bridge built in 1855; the 550-foot arch replacing it in 1897; the 470-foot cantilever (one of the first ever built) erected in 1883—each of the three about 240 feet above the head of the Whirlpool Rapids.

The huge, inflexible pieces must be fitted together with watchmaker's precision, and the 100,000-pound masses must be swung high in air to form part of a self-sustaining structure over a hitherto impassable torrent. Or perhaps the situation is of another sort, and the acres of forged and riveted members are destined to span a river in angry flood or with treacherous bottom, or to replace a weakened structure without interrupting the traffic of hundreds of daily trains or fleets of vessels. These things and others still more difficult are accomplished by the bridge-erector, who, with a few diagrams, some

REARING THE SUPERSTRUCTURE IN THE FACE OF WINDS AND FLOODS.

The most simple and usual way of erecting the superstructure of a great bridge is to build underneath it a temporary wooden platform, called a "falsework." On this the different members of the trusses are supported until they can be connected together and enabled to sustain themselves. Such a falsework costs many thousands of dollars, and in itself is often an engineering work of no small magnitude. It is composed ordinarily of rows of heavy piles driven deep in the

river bottom, and carrying above the water-level story after story of framed timber columns and beams bolted and braced in every direction. On top of this edifice are wide steel tracks, on which rolls a tower of steel or wood called a "traveler." This traveler does the heavy work of construction, its booms and tackles, operated by hoisting engines, swinging the great steel pieces into position.

These falsework structures must be solidly built, for they are called upon to endure enormous strains. With all care in their erection, they are sometimes wrecked by floods or ice, or by the scouring of the river bottom beneath them. Sometimes the disaster comes suddenly, and the workmen have barely time to escape. Sometimes the danger is known well in advance.

In these disasters, hairbreadth escapes for the men are of no uncommon occurrence. In one wreck of an Ohio River bridge, in which many men were killed, different portions of the span fell successively from one end to the other. One man fleeing toward shore just kept pace with the falling structure, so that he was all the time running up an incline. At length the collapse of the falling timbers overtook him, and he was knocked into the river, whence he was rescued by his comrades on shore.

An accident equally remarkable and more ludicrous occurred during the building of the Washington Bridge across the Harlem River, in New York. The plate girder arches of this bridge were erected on falsework nearly 150 feet high, with wide openings in it to permit the passage of boats and trains. In the course of the work a man fell from near the top. He struck head first in the shallow water, and stuck fast in the mud, his feet waving signals of distress in the air until he was pulled out, when he was found to be only slightly injured.

In building the Poughkeepsie Bridge across the Hudson, the depth of water and mud was so great that piles 120 feet long were required. As such dimensions could not be secured from single trees, each pile was composed of two large tree trunks spliced together. Above the water-level these were capped with square timbers, on which was erected a massive body of symmetrical timber work of remarkable proportions. It extended to the lowest part of the bridge-span, 120 feet above the river level. Upon it was reared a tower over 100 feet high, which carried the tackle for assembling the trusses. In its entirety this temporary structure, built merely to facilitate the erection of the bridge, attained a height greater than that of the majority of "sky-scrapers."

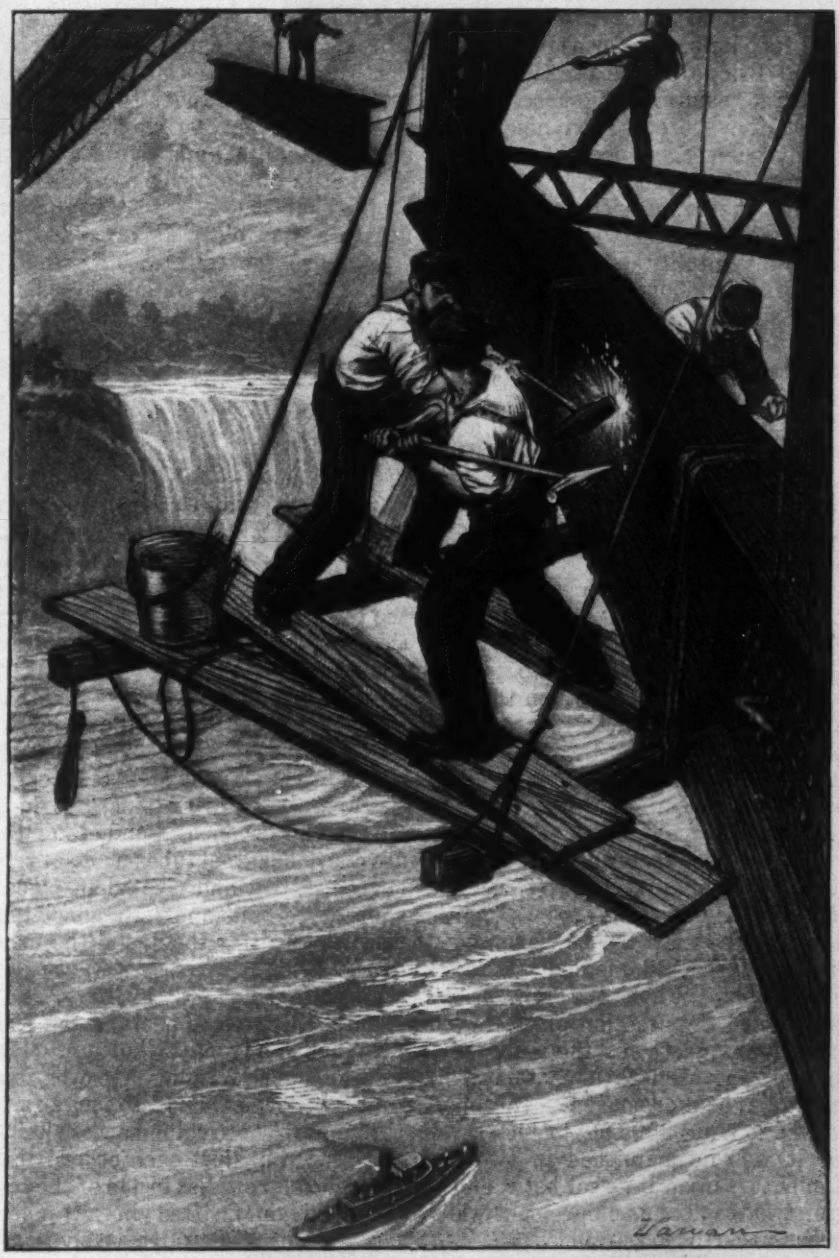
While the Poughkeepsie falsework was one of the most lofty ever constructed, the most massive was built at Memphis during the erection of a railway bridge across the Mississippi. The bridge itself is the longest truss span in America, and with two exceptions the longest in the world, its span being 790 feet. The foundation of the falsework was formed by rows of hundred-foot piles driven through sixty feet of water and twenty feet of sand. On these was built a superstructure eighty-five feet high, carrying twenty lines of heavy stringers to sustain the weight of the bridge and traveler.

Where it is impossible to drive piles in the river channel, temporary trusses are sometimes supported on the bridge-piers as platforms from which to erect the permanent structure. This was done in the case of the Plattsmouth Bridge across the Missouri. Three short spans with timber towers were used for the erection of one main span. After the completion of the latter, the temporary structure was lifted on boats and towed around into position to be used on the next span. This was a hazardous undertaking, but it was successfully accomplished.

BUILDING A BRIDGE COMPLETE AND PLACING IT AFTERWARDS.

When it has been found difficult or impossible to erect a bridge on the actual site which it is to occupy, the problem has sometimes been solved by putting the span completely together on shore, and then floating it into position. This operation is among the most spectacular connected with bridge-erection, as it also is one of the most hazardous. Notable among those constructed in this manner is the Hawkesbury Bridge, in Australia. In this case, the construction was so dangerous that only American engineers were able to guarantee its satisfactory performance, and an English contract was unwillingly awarded to a prominent New York company.

More difficult still was the erection of the Coteau Bridge, near the Coteau Rapids, in the St. Lawrence River. Here the task was complicated by the depth of the water and the swiftness of the current. The bridge contained fourteen spans, each more than 200 feet long. These spans were erected on shore, and skidded on greased rails to the tops of towers built on the decks of a pair of



WORKING 200 FEET ABOVE NIAGARA RIVER.

Riveting up the joints of the longest arch-span in the world. The riveters catch the white-hot steel rivets in a bucket and drive them with heavy sledges, standing, so to speak, in the very spray of the Falls.

scows braced together like a catamaran. The unwieldy craft and its topheavy load were in each case floated several miles down the swift current, anchored in thirty feet of water, and the span lowered to its seat of masonry.

The largest span ever erected in this manner was 523 feet long. It forms part of the Brunot Island Bridge across the Ohio, near Pittsburg. The span was first assembled on piles near the shore. Then nine large barges, partly submerged, were floated beneath it. Timber trestles were built from their decks to the lower side of the steel girders. When the water was pumped out of the scows, they lifted the entire structure clear of its former supports. The long, flexible line of boats, carrying the great mass of steel and timber 150 feet high and weighing 3,600,000 pounds, was pulled out into the river, revolved through a quarter circle, and towed by steamboats to the bridge site, where the span was deposited on top of its eighty-foot piers.

An unusual method was adopted recently for replacing a heavy 236-foot span carrying the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad across the Schuylkill River. Temporary timber piers were built in the river above and below the old span at both ends. These piers supported a low bridge, the top of which formed a platform on which the new span was assembled. Double sets of long steel rails were laid across the tops of the piers at both ends, and 150 solid steel rollers placed between the top and bottom rails of each set. The new and old spans were lowered to rest on the upper rails, and four powerful tackles being attached to them, and operated by as many hoisting engines, moved both spans sidewise until the new span completely displaced the old one and was ready to receive traffic. Then the low bridge which had formed the erecting platform was rolled across underneath, as the main spans had been, and was used to support the old span while it was being removed. This operation involved moving 950 tons twenty-seven feet, and it was accomplished in two and one-half minutes, in an interval between the crossing of two trains, an achievement which probably has never been paralleled.

In foreign countries a favorite method of erecting bridges is to assemble all the spans together in one continuous structure on shore at one end of the bridge, and then to push the whole mass forward on rollers till it advances successively from pier to pier, resting on rollers on top of each, and finally attaining its required position. The protrusion is usually effected by gangs of men with long ratchet levers laboriously turning the rollers.

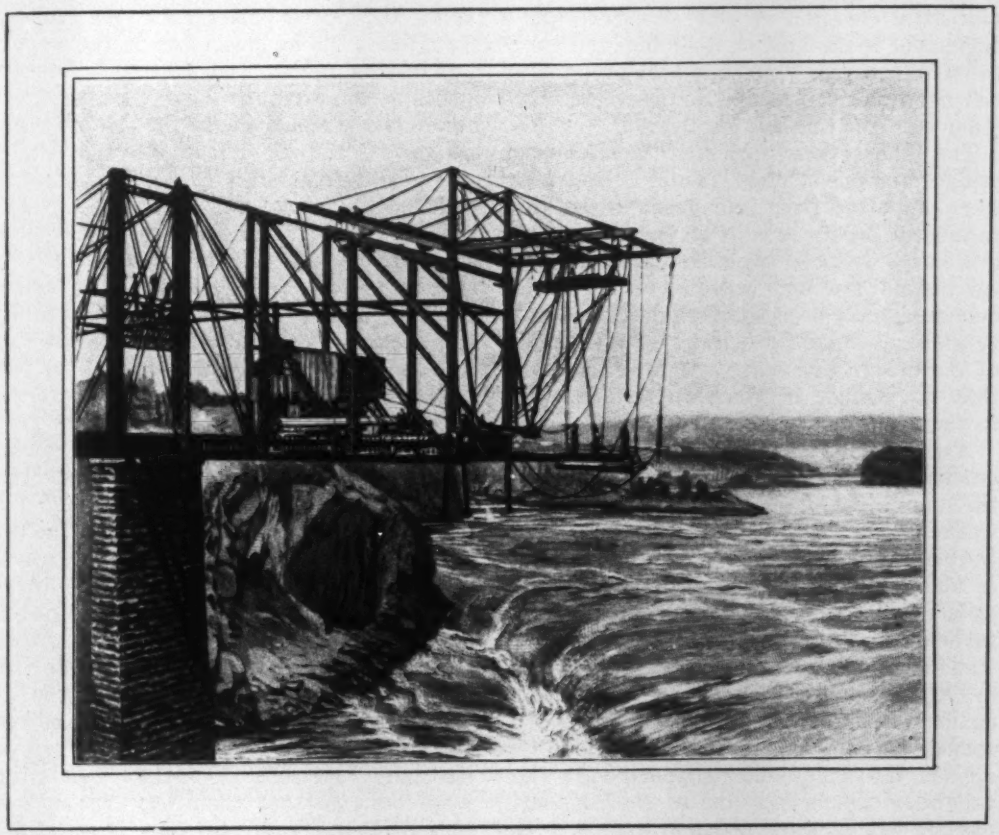
THE LONGEST TRUSSED SPANS IN THE WORLD.

The longest trussed spans in the world are two 1,710-foot cantilevers of the famous Forth Bridge in Scotland—a gigantic structure which weighs over 100,000,000 pounds, which was seven years in building, and which cost $16,000,000 and scores of human lives. From each of the three main piers rise huge wedge-shaped steel towers that cover spaces nearly a city block in area and reach 361 feet above the water. From each side of each tower there extends a pair of great curved trusses, 680 feet long, that balance each other, and, approaching the ends of corresponding arms from the next piers, sustain between them separate complete bridge-spans of 350 feet that are there suspended above the loftiest topmasts of the ocean ships passing below.

These overhanging arms that are unsupported at their outer extremities are cantilevers. They have been adopted for all the greatest trussed spans, because by their use the opening can be virtually subdivided into three parts, each having its separate trusses, and thus can be made lighter, and can be more advantageously built. In this country the largest cantilevers have been built of struts and ties and beams manufactured at the shops and rapidly fitted together with single large bolts or pins, but in the Forth Bridge the principal members of the trusses are enormous steel tubes made of thick plates, curved, fitted, and riveted in place. Large shops were built on shore, special machinery was designed for them, and the manufacture of the bridge progressed there adjacent to its erection.

First the inclined posts of the main towers were built up from the bottom. Each of the four columns forming a tower is a twelve-foot tube large enough to run a railway train through. These columns were built together and braced against each other, while powerful hydraulic presses inside of them supported and constantly lifted in advance pairs of heavy iron girders, themselves as massive as ordinary railroad bridges, and from these girders the machinery and materials were supported. Following them, circular cages enclosed the tubes and supported the men and machinery that riveted the cylinder plates together. After the towers were completed the cantilever arms were extended

from both sides, and sustained themselves at all times by their own rigidity without requiring any support. The curved arch-like top and bottom pieces of the trusses were also twelve-foot steel tubes, which were ingeniously built out in their approximately horizontal extensions by means of a sleeve-like framework that projected beyond the end and was furnished with derricks for assembling the steel plates of the cylinder. As fast as the sections were fitted together the rear part of the enclosing sleeve was removed and built on in front, so as to advance it enough to support the next section, and so on.



Building out one arm of the 477-foot cantilever at St. John's, New Brunswick, 96 feet above the water. Here the roaring tide rises and falls 30 feet, and it was impossible for falsework to withstand it.

The Forth Bridge is characteristically English, massive in design, and ponderous in the very methods of construction and erection. The contrast with American types is exemplified by our great cantilevers that span the Missouri, the Hudson, the Niagara, and other rivers. These latter are lofty, slender structures that look against the sky like etchings on ground glass, yet they inflexibly sustain express trains and endure without a tremor the hurricane blasts that sweep through the chasms which they span. Another distinction between English and American methods of bridge-construction is found in the greater rapidity which the latter make possible. In building the Mississippi River Bridge at Cairo, Illinois, a 2,000,000-pound span 518 feet long was erected in six days. Probably no European span of equal length was ever assembled in tenfold this length of time.

THE STORY OF THE FOUR GREAT BRIDGES AT NIAGARA.

The four great railway bridges across the Niagara River gorge stand as an epitome of American bridge-engineering. They illustrate the development of bridge-construction during the past half-century, and afford examples of all the types of heavy spans. These bridges cross a chasm more than 200 feet deep, at the bottom of which water of great and unknown depth rushes along at

tremendous speed. It is said that the first communication between the opposite banks was established by flying a kite across, and that the string of this kite served to pull across a rope, which in turn conducted above the stream the cables sustaining the light highway bridge erected in 1847. In 1855 this bridge was replaced by the famous suspension bridge, the first of its kind. The successful creation of this structure was a monument to its builder, Roebling, and vindicated his designs, which had been pronounced visionary and impossible by Stevenson and other eminent English engineers.

The general construction of the suspension bridge, and the manner in which its trusses were supported from four great cables, each formed of 3,640 parts of an endless straight iron wire, wrapped together into a cylindrical bundle ten and one-quarter inches in diameter, have been so often described as to be generally familiar. But the first building of the bridge was scarcely more remarkable than the manner in which it was from time to time repaired and reconstructed.

After the bridge had been in service for twenty-two years, it was found that some of the small wires of the main cables were being weakened by rust. The defective portions were removed, and new pieces were spliced in under strain, and so delicately adjusted as to carry their exact proportion of the total load. A little later it was discovered that, while each cable had a resisting strength of 6,000,000 pounds, the strength of the anchor chains was less than 3,500,000 pounds. To remedy this discrepancy the anchor pits were opened, the chains which supported the whole weight of the bridge and of the constantly passing trains were disconnected, and new bars were added to them. The strains were adjusted to the new portions by heating the iron and carefully measuring the consequent elongation until exactly the right point was reached. In 1880 the old wooden stiffening trusses and floors were removed piecemeal, and replaced by steel, without impairing the integrity of the structure in the slightest. A few years afterward, it was found that the temperature elongations and contractions of the main cables had bent the towers back and forth until many of their solid stones were cracked and broken. These stones were removed and new ones inserted in their places. In 1886 new steel towers were built up outside the older ones of masonry, and the cables were lifted up by hydraulic pressure and deposited in new seats. All of these changes, affecting nearly every portion of the bridge, were made without interrupting the traffic across the structure, without serious mishap or the loss of a life. They form a series of brilliant achievements unprecedented in the annals of bridge-construction or repair. The later ones were designed and executed by Mr. L. L. Buck, now the chief engineer of the new East River Bridge in New York, which, with its six railway tracks, footwalks, and bicycle paths, will be the greatest, though not the longest, span in the world.

Notwithstanding the repeated improvements in the Niagara Suspension Bridge, it finally became inadequate for the increasing volume of railway traffic. In 1896–97 it was entirely replaced by a new structure, built on the same site, and without interrupting traffic. This seems like an impossible feat, but the principles on which it was conducted are well established in bridge-building, and are well understood by bridge-engineers. The span of the massive 550-foot steel arch was built out panel by panel from the opposite abutments in the form of cantilevers. These cantilevers were partly supported by forged steel bars temporarily anchoring their upper parts to steel beams bedded in masses of concrete which filled pits blasted out of the solid rock. The work advanced from both sides of the river at the same time, and the materials were carried into place by steel derricks running on top of the completed portions of the growing structure. Thus the old bridge was gradually enclosed by the upper part of the steel arch, which surrounded it on sides and bottom, but did not touch it or interfere with its daily functions. The two semi-arches were built so that their extremities would be a little too high and too far apart when the final joint between them was reached. They were then united by slightly extending the anchor chains from each side. It is a delicate matter to lengthen chains that are under a strain of more than a million pounds, but it was accomplished by means of an ingenious toggle arrangement. The two parts came easily together; the bridge was complete, and took up the duties of the older structure without the slightest hitch.

A few hundred feet above this bridge is the famous Niagara Cantilever, one of the first of this type to be built. It is seen in the background of the accompanying illustration. In the foreground are shown the two semi-arches of the new structure that has replaced the old suspension bridge. They are shown as they approached completion, with the old bridge still intact above them.

Thus are grouped in this view the three great types of long-span bridges, forming an historic trio that disappeared with the final removal of the suspension bridge. Just below the Falls is a beautiful steel-arch bridge of 840 feet span and 135 feet rise. It is by far the longest arch in the world. It was erected cantilever fashion much as was the one already described.

The loftiest great trussed bridge in the world is the Kaiser Wilhelm, near Müngsten, which carries a double-track railway across the valley of the Wüpper, 350 feet above the stream. It has a clear span of 525 feet. The manner in which this bridge was built illustrates typical European methods, elaborate, slow, and costly. The first step was to build a temporary service bridge across the river on steel and timber towers about a hundred feet high. Large shops and work-yards were established on one bank. Inclined planes and electric cable roads were run from both ends, parallel to the bridge, to serve for the distribution of material. Huge timber towers were built at each end of the arch for falseworks, from which the permanent steel towers were erected. This method was very slow and costly. In this country it would have been dispensed with entirely, and the towers would have been made self-supporting during erection. After the towers were completed, their tops were tied back with steel cables to the special anchorages provided, and then the arch trusses were built out and up from their springing lines at the abutments to the crown. While building, the semi-arches were partly sustained by steel backstay cables. The trusses were built out panel by panel without further support until they met at the center. Then the huge semi-arches were tipped forward a few inches by lengthening the anchor lines, so as to secure the exact space required for the last pieces in the key of the arch. Finally, the strains on the towers were adjusted by hydraulic presses at their feet.

THE WORKMEN—THEIR FAITHFULNESS, ENDURANCE, AND DARING.

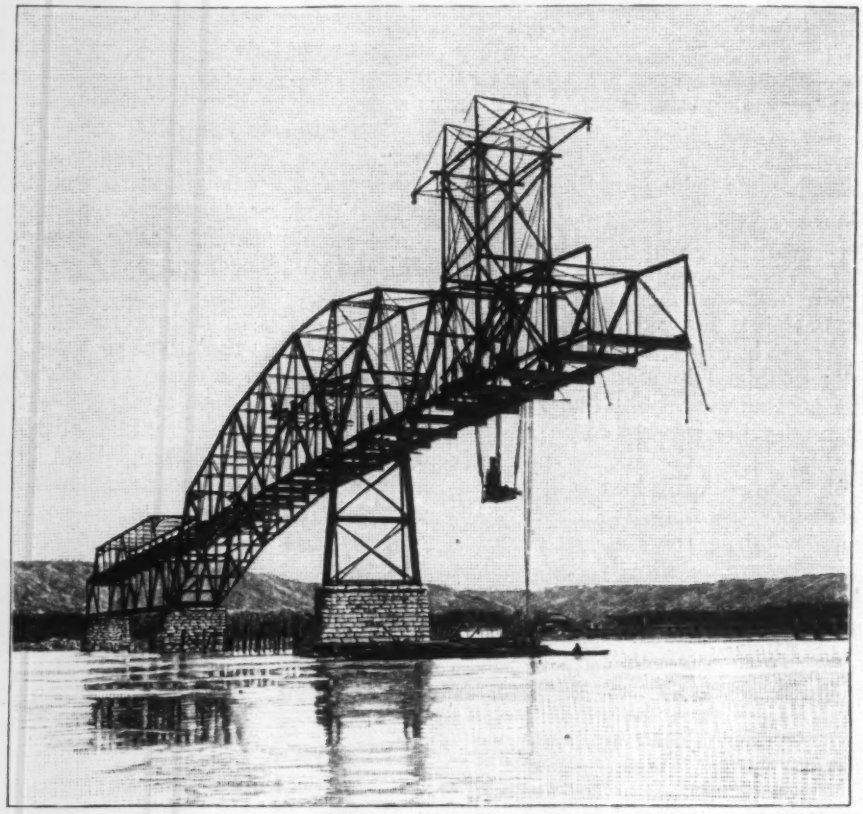
One of the most interesting factors in modern bridge-building is the workmen. Their experiences aloft tend to make them forget the matter of altitude entirely, and they will unhesitatingly assume the most daring risks in the doing of their work. But many of their exploits that are so nerve-shocking to the inexperienced observer seem very simple matters from the workman's point of view. They become so expert, cool-headed, and sure-footed that they very seldom fall. They will run on a beam a few inches wide and lying a hundred feet in the air; will swing a sledge while standing on an ice-covered timber projecting at a dizzy altitude; or will walk across a springing plank when the wind blows so fiercely that they are compelled to lean far out against it to keep their balance. They will pose in the most startling positions whenever the work is being photographed: in one instance, a workman actually stood on his head, on the top of a derrick, a hundred feet above the water, in order to demonstrate his nerve and indifference.

In replacing the Niagara Suspension Bridge nearly all of the workmen employed were floating mechanics and laborers, who had no previous knowledge of bridge-work; yet they did the work well, so perfectly and simply was it planned and so skillfully was it directed. Some of the men, when they applied for work, requested permission to stay mainly on one side or the other of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, which the bridge crossed, because on the opposite side their liberty had been jeopardized by various misdemeanors. Notwithstanding the great height at which the men worked above a maelstrom from which escape would have been impossible, most of them soon grew unconcerned, and some of them, indeed, vied with one another in reckless daring. So many valuable tools were dropped from the bridge that some of the more careless losers were discharged. Consequently one day, when a man dropped a wrench 200 feet to the water's edge, he foolishly started to recover it by climbing down hand over hand on a steeply inclined thin wire cable nearly 500 feet long. He had no sooner begun his insane exploit than a rival, not to be outdone, started out of sheer bravado to descend an adjacent rope. After going a few feet they tried in vain to return, and it seemed to their horrified companions on the bridge above that human muscles could not endure the increasing strain of their long journey. The foreman instructed them how to climb more easily and what to do at the bottom, accompanying his orders with violent abuse, wisely bestowed to divert them from the fright that added to their danger. By nothing less than a miracle both men held on until they had crossed over the water. Then one of them, watching his chance, dropped safely into a tree-top. The other

finally gave out, and fell a considerable distance to the ground. But both escaped practically unhurt. Instead of being received as heroes, however, both were immediately discharged by their foreman. No serious accidents occurred on the bridge, but there were some hairbreadth escapes, as when one man, carrying in his tongs a white-hot rivet, ran along a well-oiled, narrow iron plate at the extreme edge of the bridge and fell violently on his face. He grasped the slender cord instinctively with arms and legs, rose, carried the rivet to its destination and helped to drive it.

Latterly, the great increase in the extent of bridge-construction has caused it to become a specialized calling. At the present time the men who rear our great bridges are for the most part men who have been trained in this particular occupation, and who in many cases follow no other. They, as well as the men who design the structures, are entitled to high rank as engineers. The leaders are endowed with great professional skill, are quick to plan new methods for difficult cases, and are able to execute delicate and critical operations under perilous and harassing circumstances. They have vast responsibilities, with the possibility of great losses and disasters if they fail, and comparatively little reward except the satisfaction of well-doing when they succeed.

Hoisting an engine and boiler from the Mississippi River to the unfinished span of a cantilever bridge at Winona. Here the four tackles by which the dead engine is suspended are operated from the boat below, but in a similar case at the Poughkeepsie bridge the live engine was made to lift itself. The fall-lines of the tackles were wound on its own spools, and five men mounting the frame to operate it, it quickly ascended 150 feet, like a spider climbing and swallowing its own thread.



THE CHAIRMAN'S POLITICS.

By Will Payne.

I.

THE thick glass panel of the office door bore the modest sign, "D. O. Emmet, Lawyer." Miss Prescott stood by the broad window in the outer room, looking idly down upon the roofs of the passing street cars in Washington Street, a hundred feet below.

The door to the inner room was wide open. Miss Prescott had sauntered out five minutes before, because it had occurred to her that all the business of the interview respecting the Children's Playgrounds Bill was really done. That had occurred also to the Secretary of the Prairie Avenue Social Settlements League and to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Cities. Still they lingered in there. As for Emmet, lingering had got to be a vocation with him whenever this tall young lady was concerned.

"I wish that Electric Consolidation Bill were well out of the way," he was saying, with preoccupied abruptness. If he looked worried, it was so fleeting an expression that the Secretary could not be sure. He came back at once to his confident manner. "But I mean that it shall be; I'm sending a man to work on it now."

Somewhere in the background of Miss Page's mind flitted a question as to what the Electric Consolidation Bill had to do with the Children's Playgrounds Bill; but she let it flit. Other things were more interesting; and she knew that she was lingering.

She was smiling at him—a little vaguely. "Well, I shall go to Springfield, Tuesday—I hope it will go through." She looked down and brushed her neatly gloved fingers along the edge of the desk.

As a kind of discovery, Emmet found her, in that small, abstracted action, inexpressibly feminine.

"It's pretty hard for you down there," he said—so personally that there was a little commotion in the Secretary's pulse.

"Yes; sometimes it's pretty hard—and not always quite pleasant with some of the people. But"—she smiled—"a good many things are pretty hard."

The Chairman stepped over to her, his head bent slightly, his eyes glowing down at her so that she felt the big nervous force in him beating against her polite defenses, and an under thought complained that he was a dreadfully ardent, uncontrolled sort of man.

"No! Don't go down there again," he said abruptly. "There's no need. It's just getting your bill reported by my committee. Leave it to me. I want to do something!"

"But I've engaged to go," she protested nervously, steadily looking down. "Mrs. Randall thought I ought to."

"No!" he repeated. "I know better than Mrs. Randall. If you don't leave it to me, I'll beat your bill! The committee shan't report it at all!" He was laughing; but the laugh did not allay the obtruding self-consciousness of either.

"Oh, if it's a question of life or death, of course, I surrender!" She laughed, too, in the same nervous way. "If you think that's best," she added, rather humbly, for the laugh would not hold out; and she started for the door.

As Emmet took the first step beside her, his hand brushed her sleeve, so that it could scarcely be said whether he had touched her or detained her for the wink of an eye.

"Thank you! I won't forget!" he said tremulously, under his breath; and they got to the door together.

Returning to the inner room from ushering the two ladies out, and closing the door behind him, Emmet kept assuring himself, amid the endless turmoil in his mind, that nothing whatever had happened. There was that thrill in his veins from the mere gossamer touch of her sleeve, and it turned his brain volatile; but he assured himself that nothing had happened. So he sat down by the window and looked into the street without seeing anything, and in ten seconds jumped up and began pacing the room. A chair drifted his way and he dropped into it, only to spring up again. Once he found himself gripping the top of the low bookcase in his two strong hands, as though he were going to coerce it into acknowledging that nothing had happened. He kept

thinking of himself in odd, disconnected pieces.

When the "Clarion" published its estimate of city candidates for the legislature, this paragraph appeared under his name and senatorial district:

"Democrat. Age 27. Born in Cook County. Lawyer. An unknown quantity. Well educated; good speaker. But owes his nomination to Johnny Gallagher. Has some respectable friends, who say he is better than his sponsors. Looks dubious."

It looked dubious to Emmet himself just then. He had told her once that he believed in practical politics. He thought he had never been a bad fellow. But there had been a certain carelessness, a certain free-handed liberalness, in his politics. Especially, there was this affair of the electric bill. It came back to him in a kind of lump. Also, she came back to him just as she had stood there beside the desk. It seemed to him that a wise and just Providence might well personally prevent that presence from coming any further into affairs that looked so dubious; and he made a little prayer to her, or to the Providence, or to both, to the effect that, if she would come in, he would get himself all spotlessly cleaned up and be worthy of her.

II.

IT looked rather more than dubious to Mr. Gordon Prescott, President of the Consolidated Light and Power Company—a stocky man of fifty, explosive at times, with a patch of close-cropped red whisker on each ruddy cheek. Even his bald head was pink, as though to carry out the sanguine color scheme.

He was explaining it to the men in the smoking-room after dinner: "So this gang in the City Council got up a paper concern that they called the Metropolitan Electric Company, and passed an ordinance for it. Then, when they couldn't sell it out to me or to the South Side Illuminating Company, they turned it over to Johnny Gallagher. He got some money and built a shed that he calls a power-station on the west side, and strung some wires, and pretended to go into the electric-lighting business. Well, my company and the South Side Illuminating get around to the point where we're willing to go in together, to consolidate. We can save $200,000 a year by it, and give just as good and cheap a service to the public. The lawyers look it over, and find that there'll have to be a little amendment to the State Incorporation Law. They fix up the amendment and introduce it into the Senate. Then it's referred to the Committee on Cities, instead of to the Committee on Corporations, as it should be, and we find out that Johnny Gallagher owns that committee, body, boots, and breeches, and we've got to make terms with him and buy out his rotten Metropolitan Company at his price, or our amendment will be hung up. It's just damnable. Nice mess for ladies to be mixed up in with their Playgrounds Bill! And this fellow Emmet, that Miss Page quoted to us, is chairman of that committee! He'll pick her pockets if she don't look out!"

III.

NEVERTHELESS, the fellow Emmet bore no outward marks of degeneracy as, on Monday about noon, he entered the inner room on the upper floor of one of the least pretentious buildings in La Salle Street.

This inner room was a mere closet, with only a desk and a couple of chairs. The man at the desk wore a Derby hat tilted back on his globular head. He was middle-aged, with broad shoulders and a firm, flat chest, leanly muscular. A dark-reddish beard, cut short, grew high over his cheek-bones. He merely glanced up as the shining presence burst in.

The Chairman never had his effect of sparkling more perfectly. Such was his air of youthful buoyancy and vigor that it seemed simply optional with him whether he stopped or kept straight on through the wall.

However, he dropped at once into the chair at the end of the desk, bending forward in his eagerness.

"They'll give $350,000 for the Metropolitan, John," he said. "I've just had word from Winthrop. He makes the offer." There was a vibrant quality in the young man's voice. His eyes shone happily.

The shrewd eyes of the elder, lusterless man twinkled a little in his unanswering face. Even then, Emmet was the dearest joke of his humorous heart. But this was business.

"Three fifty, eh?" he said calmly.

The coolness irritated Emmet's heat. "Of course, I've taken this up on my own motion," he said. "I sent a man to Winthrop because I wanted it settled and out of the way. You know I don't like it. Whatever we may say among ourselves, we're using a public posi-

tion for our own advantage. Now, good gracious, John, this is a handsome offer, a generous offer! We can just take it and get the thing cleaned up and off our hands."

Gallagher looked at the young man imperturbably. "Did you accept their generous offer, Dan'l?" he asked softly.

When he said "Dan'l," it was always subtly a gibe and a reproof.

"Of course I didn't," Emmet flung back impatiently. "You know I can't do that. But I did tell my man that Winthrop had made a good offer," he added challengingly.

Thereupon a series of deep wrinkles came lengthwise in Gallagher's forehead. The edge of his scalp moved down. His eyebrows arched and moved up. His large mouth expanded on lateral lines until his strong back teeth were exposed, and a mighty grin stood revealed. It seemed to go so deep that it interfered with the production of his voice, which came out strained and hoarse.

"That shows your kind heart, Dan'l," he gasped out of the grin. "I'm sure it would comfort Winthrop to know you told your man that. He'd know he was right, even if I do turn him down."

Emmet stared coldly at the grin. The check to his plans touched his fiery impatience to anger. He was bent so ardently upon getting this one affair of the electric concern out of the way. He thought he had suc-

"'If it's a question of life or death, of course, I surrender!'"

ceeded. Now this big, bull-like will stood in his way.

"You don't mean you're going to be such a fool as turn the offer down?" he said quickly. "It's the best you'll ever get. You're overreaching yourself. Your partners won't thank you for it."

He knew he was insulting; but in his anger he did not care. Gallagher's anger was different. He compressed his lips. He narrowed his steady eyes. He waited.

"Besides, I tell you," Emmet added boldly, "there are public questions involved."

When Johnny had himself firmly in hand, he said calmly: "You ain't got over being a kid yet, Dan'l. What you want is a rattle. You're a toddler and you slobber on your bib, talking of generosity. Where is any public question? We're in the electric business, ain't we, same's Winthrop's men? Prescott and the South Side Illuminating are going to consolidate because, they see a chance to make a couple of million or so out of it. I'm a sociable person, Dan'l; I want to be consolidated with the rest of the boys. When they get good and consolidated, they'll come over and try to take my little electric business away from me. It'll make hard feelings. Let's all go in snug and friendly and get consolidated together, and let's all get a whack at the two millions. Those fellows have gone into the stock-market and loaded up with Consolidated Light and Power, and South Side Illuminating Stock, and they're all ready to turn the trick—only"—his strident voice shot out—"they can't do it until I say so. Generous! I've got 'em in a corner, ain't I? I've got 'em by the scruff of the neck, ain't I? They can't wiggle unless I let 'em, can they? And you talk about their generosity to me, Dan'l? Tell 'em I say, 'T'hell with their generosity.' When they get ready to

"'Then you understand, I'm out of this! . . . I'm out of it. I'll have nothing more to do with it!'"

offer me half a million, I'll talk with 'em. You want a rattle! Mr. Gordon Prescott and Mr. Thomas Frederick Winthrop—my old friend, smooth Petroleum Tommy—and the rest, 'course they've got a right to make as much money consolidating as they please, because they're all prominent citizens, riding in carriages and throwing flowers at themselves. They can rig the stock-market and play horse with the minority stockholders, and make all the money they want to. But if I want to get in on the game and make some money, they hold up their hands in holy horror because my clothes ain't ally mode and I was brought up over by the stockyards. It's your idea, Dan'l, that, if we want anything, we must go around to the back door with our hats off. It sort of jars you to think your Uncle John's going to kick open the front door and walk into the parlor and demand pie. You're afraid they'll consider him rude and never let him auction off the boxes for the charity ball. You think if you take the sandwich and don't ask for butter they'll like you for a well-trained lad, and give you a certificate that you're respectable. But you watch your Uncle John win their heartfelt respect—which he will do by handing it out to 'em so fast and strong that their heads swim and their knees knock together."

"What do you propose to do?" Emmet demanded shortly.

"You wait and see," said Gallagher.

"But I don't want to wait!" Emmet cried hotly. "I want to know. I want to clean this thing up, John, and get out of it."

"Seems to me you kind of take it to heart, Dan'l," Johnny observed coolly.

"Oh, drop that, will you?" Emmet roared. "Treat me as a man, will you?"

The preliminaries of the grin appeared. "When you grow up, Dan'l; when you grow up."

"Then you understand, I'm out of this!" Emmet sprang up. "I'm out of it. I'll have nothing more to do with it!"

Gallagher's eyes again narrowed, and again he waited a moment. He stood up also, and compressed his lips. "Thell with you, Dan'l," he said cheerfully. "The Metropolitan is a grown person's game. If you don't like it, get out. Go back on me, if you feel that way. I can get along without you."

"Get along, then!" said Emmet, and burst from the room so impetuously that he brushed against one of Gallagher's lieutenants.

The lieutenant entered, staring; found Johnny still standing by the desk, his hands in his pockets; asked, "What's the matter?" under his breath.

Gallagher's narrowed, leaden eyes looked steadily by the lieutenant for a moment, then came gloomily to the man's nervous face.

"Oh, these colts, Jakey! these colts!" he said wearily. "Dan Emmet is nutty and full of oats. He's bound to run away. He's going to run right into a stone wall, and there ain't going to be any upholstering on that wall, either." He reached over and closed the rolling top of his desk. "I'm going to hand Dan'l a little package," he said, still most gloomily, "and after the explosion, if he lives through it, he'll know more."

When he got home, to a very snug house on the west side, where there was always the romping of lusty children, his wife noticed the overcast mood. In the front room, where Johnny smoked his cigar and read his evening newspaper, Mrs. Gallagher finally asked, "Anything wrong, Johnny?"

Gallagher glanced up. "I'm bothered about Dan Emmet," he said.

"Oh! about Dan?" The plump, comely, motherly woman waited a moment, her anxious heart in her throat. Johnny smoked thoughtfully; then took up his newspaper, and she knew he would not tell her then.

IV.

MR. WINTHROP had been notified of the failure of his offer, and Emmet had taken the evening train for Springfield.

Thomas Frederick Winthrop, who was Prescott's attorney, received the notification with his habitual blandness. But there was the sense of a painful swelling in the region of his heart. Standing in the center of his private office on a rug of price beside a desk of carved mahogany with shiny silver trimmings, his startled eyes traveled with slow aimlessness over the dull red walls which matched the mahogany so beautifully. In fact, Mr. Winthrop was personally long a big line of South Side Illuminating and Consolidated Light and Power shares, and his margins were so uncomfortably thin that he could easily see ruin through them if anything happened to the consolidation plan.

There was a small mahogany cabinet in the lavatory off his room. He hurried to it, got out a beautiful cut-glass decanter, and took a large drink.

Wednesday, his confidential agent at Springfield wired: "Row on this morning in Senate Committee on Cities. Emmet

tried to get the Playgrounds Bill reported out. Committee slaughtered it. Emmet mad. Talk of row between Emmet and Gallagher. May affect the Electric Bill."

Then his broker called up on the telephone. Somebody on the stock-exchange was selling Light and Power and Illuminating to beat the band. They said there was a row at Springfield and the consolidation bill was mixed up in it some way.

Evidently something must be done. So Mr. Winthrop applied himself to the decanter for an inspiration, and to make his nerves stop feeling so sick.

Miss Page, shopping on State Street and mainly intent upon the new patterns in waists, heard the cry, bought a copy of *The Express*, and went into Field's to read it.

For firm ground the correspondent had only the fact that Emmet had called up the Playgrounds Bill in his committee. Smooth sailing had been expected for it. But the committee had ruthlessly relegated it to the files. Emmet had left the Capitol and gone to his hotel, where he refused an interview. The report was that the Chairman and Gallagher had fallen out some way because they couldn't agree on the electric matter. But others said it was just a dodge. An unnamed "Democratic Member" was quoted: "When it comes to making terms with the electric companies for letting that amendment go through, you 'll find there won't be any row in Johnny's camp." The newspaper's headline read: "Is Johnny Turning a New Trick?"

Miss Page felt a little sick. She scorned the imputation of sordid treachery. But there was this nameless touch of corruption and cheap rascality which every one seemed to take for granted. Especially, there was the picture of him, going off alone to his hotel as though he had no friends. And if he were angry, it must be a little bit at least on account of that promise— Ah! if some one had the courage to help him. But what could a woman do?

She sat in a very comfortable wicker chair in a long row of like chairs occupied by waiting, or resting, or merely lounging women, presumably with the patterns in waists on their minds. Her chair was next a court that cut through the huge shop from ground floor to roof. Elevators laden with women plied up and down. Above and below she could see sectional vistas and glimpses of the immense, busy establishment crowded with hundreds of her sex shopping, examining fabrics, gossipping, loitering—the moment's phase of a perpetual women's fair. She remembered that she herself had put in two hours spending eight dollars in dry goods. Oh! she might send him a ribbon or a shirt-waist, and write him, on a nice little piece of tinted note-paper, in a nice slanting little hand, that she was so sorry!

She arose and swept to the elevators. A timorous lady, who was about to step into the cage at the same time, looked up at her high chin, instinctively murmured an apology, and drew back.

When she entered the anteroom of Mr. Winthrop's law office, she was aware that a broad-shouldered man in a Derby hat, whom she had overtaken and passed blindly in the hall, was at her heels. Mr. Winthrop was at the door of his private room. She saw that his glance took in herself and the man with a kind of perplexity. Nevertheless, the lawyer bowed urbanely and stepped forward.

No very tangible programme had come to Mr. Winthrop's mind during the afternoon, but he had frequently resorted to the little cabinet in the lavatory. His face was uncommonly red, and he was looking at his trouble through an optimistic fog.

Miss Page moved forward quickly, impatient to get separated from this strange man. "I wish you'd tell me the news from Springfield," she said quickly in a low tone; "I know only what the newspapers say. I don't understand it."

The rosy mists in the lawyer's brain were not a help to clear thinking, but they helped to jocularity.

"Why, couldn't Mr. Gallagher enlighten you?" he asked, at his blandest, looking over her shoulder at the man and sounding his mellow laugh.

She understood at once that it was Johnny Gallagher, the "boss." She took the occasion hardily, as she found it, and turned, politely smiling. "Perhaps Mr. Gallagher can," she said, with a kind of sociable brightness. "I am trying to find out what has happened at Springfield to the Playgrounds Bill, and why it happened."

The fact that she was a pretty woman and looked amiable made a certain impression behind Johnny's gloom, but the shell was immobile. He thought she was a newspaper reporter. No, he knew nothing; politics were always too deep for him. In a half-mechanical following of the lawyer's lead, they drifted up to the door of the inner room. "But why don't you go to Emmet," Johnny suggested. "He seems to know all about it. Have somebody interview him."

Miss Page glanced down. "I thought

Mr. Emmet would do all he could for the bill," she said; "in fact, we counted on his help. We rather left it to him."

"Oh! You're one of 'em—one of the Playgrounds women—er, ladies?"

"I'm Miss Page. Mr. Emmet told me he would undertake to get the bill favorably reported."

Johnny's interest suddenly roused. "Dan did? When? When did Dan say that?" he demanded in his harsh voice.

It seemed almost like a question of veracity. Miss Page held up her chin. "Last Saturday," she answered firmly.

Gallagher looked hard at her. He was sensible enough of her beauty and style. It was occurring to him that Emmet would have been sensible enough of them, too. Perhaps, after all, he had punished the youngster more than he had meant; had hurt his pride more than he had intended. But the thought subtly evoked his belligerence, too. What business had beauty and style to get mixed up with politics? He seemed more gloomy than ever.

"Mrs. Celia Randall, President of the Prairie Avenue Social Settlements League, Chairwoman of the Committee on Political Action of the United Women's Societies, Treasurer of the Association for the Suppression of Objectionable Posters, and a Director of the South Side Wagner Club."

"Well, I guess he thought he could do it," he said stolidly. "I reckon he wasn't calculating to play horse with anybody but me."

The form of the speech was baffling; but Miss Page jumped to a happy conclusion. "Then you and he are really at outs?" she said eagerly.

"We ain't singing 'Comrades' to each other," said Johnny. "He sends me word he's going to pitch into me."

"Pitch into you?" She was finding it very confusing.

Without verbal reply, Gallagher pulled a crumpled telegram from his overcoat pocket and handed it over. She read:

"I shall speak on the electric bill under privilege to-morrow forenoon. I shall throw all the light I can on it. EMMET."

This was more baffling than anything else. She looked her perplexity at Gallagher. Meantime, Mr. Winthrop blandly read the telegram in her hand.

"Why," said the lawyer, with his large air of amiability, "a man came to see me about the electric bill day before yesterday, and he told me"— the lawyer paused, smiling urbanely—"that Emmet sent him here."

"Yes," said Miss Page. "Mr. Emmet told me that he had sent a man to see about the electric bill." The fact simply floated up in her confused mind, and she handed it over blindly, as a possible help to elucidating the puzzle.

"He did?" cried Mr. Winthrop with animation. He held up his distinguished head and sounded his mellow laugh. "Why, it's a clear case! He tried to make us buy out the Metropolitan Electric Company, in which, I suppose, he's interested, and now he proposes to denounce Mr. Gallagher, who has never, I can vouch, tried anything of the kind!"

The puzzle suddenly became dazzlingly clear to Miss Page. Her senses reeled a little with it. She turned to Gallagher with a kind of swift, fleeing, startled helplessness. "Does he mean that? Does he mean to denounce—" she asked breathlessly.

The boss was looking at her with hard, narrow, unfriendly eyes. "I read it that way," he said in his harsh voice. She felt that he accused her.

"Well, if he does," said Mr. Winthrop, looking at them both with urbane enjoyment, "we'll explode a mine under the young man's mine. With what I know and what Miss Page knows, I guess Mr. Gallagher won't be the man that's blown highest."

When Gallagher walked out, Miss Page murmured a polite empty word to the lawyer, and followed.

"Mr. Gallagher! Mr. Gallagher!" she called, in the hall.

Johnny turned around stolidly, and she whirled up to him breathlessly. "What would you advise me to do?" she panted.

"About what?" the boss demanded in his stoniest manner.

"About — Mr. Emmet." Johnny still waited, immovable and with as little sympathetic help as a post. Before that rock-like attitude the young woman felt her courage evaporating. "I don't wish to do him an injury," she said evasively; "all I care about is the Playgrounds Bill."

"Then I'd advise you to go home, and keep away from Winthrop if you can," said Johnny gloomily, as he turned away. If she had been a little different, he would have advised her to go soak her head.

V.

WHEN Gallagher stepped from the train at Springfield next morning, he saw Winthrop and Prescott making their way to the street ahead of him.

At the same time, Mrs. Celia Randall, President of the Prairie Avenue Social Settlements League, Chairwoman of the Committee on Political Action of the United Women's Societies, Treasurer of the Association for the Suppression of Objectionable Posters, and a Director of the South Side Wagner Club, emerged from the last Pullman car.

"Here's Johnny Gallagher just ahead of us," she said in an aside. "You see you came down in excellent company, Helen. I suppose there'll be nothing fit to eat," she added, and settled her double chin over her collar in a manner that was eloquent.

"Oh, I guess so," Miss Page answered with a vague attempt at cheerfulness. In the stress of her mind there was a subcurrent which dimly did justice to Mrs. Randall's injuries. To be swept away bodily from an agreeable dinner, thrust into the discomforts of a Pullman car, and carried to Springfield in a cause one does not understand, was surely trying to elderly nerves with a liking for ease.

Alighting from their cab at the hotel as an omnibus was discharging its load, they encountered Winthrop and Prescott. Gallagher stood apart, his hands in his trousers pockets, his overcoat on his arm, and looked on uncompromisingly while the other men bowed. Politer Mr. Winthrop stepped into the hotel with the ladies. Gallagher turned his hard, challenging glance to Prescott.

"Do you know that young lady?" he asked in his harshest voice.

"Miss Page? Certainly I know her," said Prescott out of his surprise.

"'*If I thought you cared!*'"

Johnny's gloomy eyes dwelt questioningly on the sanguine man for an instant. "Come now, Prescott," he demanded; "just man to man, is she on the square?"

Mr. Prescott flushed angrily. "You must be drunk," he said.

The politician's hard glance still rested upon him a second. "T'hell with you," he growled, and went into the hotel.

Inside, Mrs. Randall was settling herself with a sigh of relief at the breakfast table, and Mr. Winthrop was disappearing from Miss Page's straining eyes. It was half-past nine—when Emmet would soon be starting for the Capitol; and these men were free to find him. To have a man's freedom of action for ten minutes! So far she had carried things—but to what end? Why, to sit down and eat breakfast, while the opportunity escaped. She had the sense in every nerve of his walking into the trap which she had prepared for him. At moments it seemed quite probable that she should be suddenly haled out somewhere and compelled to reaffirm the ruinous admission she had made to Winthrop, while Emmet was dragged away to some everlasting disgrace. She detained the waiter, got a card from her purse, and scribbled: "Let me see you a moment in the parlor at once—please."

"I'd like to see Mr. Emmet a minute, before he gets away," she explained to Mrs. Randall, trying as hard as she could to keep her voice quite steady. She thought it sounded a little faint, and a wave of color came over her face.

"I should have done no such thing, Helen," said Mrs. Randall, with an addition to her injuries. "It's quite useless. Mr. Winthrop is going to arrange a conference for me after breakfast. If Mr. Emmet chooses to come, very well. Be sure the chops are hot," she added, for the waiter had returned.

The minutes dragged interminably. A boy of many brass buttons, bearing a tiny tray, came into the dining-room. Miss Page's heart missed a beat or so. The boy inquired of the usher; was wafted in her direction. She remembered to try to look calm. He was at her side. Her own card lay on the tray. "Mr. Emmet ain't in his room," said the boy.

She attempted to sip the coffee, which seemed likely to choke her.

"I'll wait for you up-stairs," she said, reckless of the chin, and, without looking around, arose and walked from the room.

The dining-room was on the ground floor. She walked deliberately by the elevator on one side and the stairway on the other into the hotel office, where she drew the eyes of a dozen lounging men. There was a little smoking and writing room off to the left. She walked coolly and with a negligent ease through the office to the front windows that gave upon the street, looked out a moment, and calmly sauntered back. Going and coming, she threw a swift glance over the writing-room. But she saw no one she knew.

The elevator boy leaned against the wire lattice by the open door of the cage. She stepped in. The boy followed and started the machine. "Parlor floor," she said, and they stopped at the first landing. The lock of the wire door did not yield at the first pressure of the boy's fingers.

"They been goin' to have this door fixed for a week; goin' to put in a automatic opener; guess it needs it," the boy explained sociably.

The sociability made its instant appeal to her suffering nerves. There was no one else in sight.

"Is Mr. Emmet on this floor?" she asked. To get the lay of the land would be something.

"Mr. Emmet? No'm; on the fourth floor; number four twenty-one." The boy had begun to close the door of the cage when she spoke, and was turning the lever of the machine. Now he brought the lever back, and held the door open as though he were uncertain whether she would get in again.

"Oh, I was mistaken," she said without the least hesitation, and stepped into the cage. She did not know why. She did not know whether the boy would take her up to the fourth floor or down again. The cage started up. It occurred to her that she had quite lost her head and was doing something dreadful. But that did not seem to matter much.

"Straight ahead to first corridor on your right; about half-way down; number four twenty-one," said the boy.

"Thank you," said Miss Page, as she stepped out, and the cage disappeared.

A pier mirror stood in the wide hall before the elevator landing. In the glass she saw a tall young woman with her own face, except that there was no color in it. The empty corridors stretched before her. She dared not go a step further. Already she had thrown away her dignity and self-respect. She felt herself standing miserably and uselessly at the last brink. She simply waited in a kind of agonized helplessness.

This face and figure struck upon Emmet's eye as he came dully along the corridor, his overcoat on his arm. In the first moment it seemed not so remarkable that she should be there, for a figure of this sort, reserved, accusing, condemning, had been rising in his thoughts through the night and morning. He had even supposed that she would be coming down there.

He came up. "I lost your bill," he said. "I'd like to tell you how." When he took off his hat his hair was seen to be rumpled. His face looked a little haggard, which helped on the forlorn note in his voice. Such was the effect of this forlornness that Miss Page did not trust herself to speak. The way his big hands hung limply at his sides took away her voice for the moment. She only nodded.

"I let Gallagher give me an interest in a concern called the Metropolitan Electric Company," he said. "It wasn't an honest concern, and I knew it, but I didn't care much then. We pretended that my interest was to pay for my legal services. There wasn't any prearrangement about this Consolidation Bill, for that was before I was elected; and I had done some little legal work for the company, and we were all good fellows together."

He had been trying most of the night and morning to arrange the order of his speech;

but he had not been able to do it. Now, unconsciously, he took up the simple facts as they had been in his mind.

"John just thought I was a good fellow, and he handed over the stock, and I took it because he was a good fellow. Then he got me into the chairmanship, and when this Consolidation Bill came up he had it referred to my committee, because he'd been a good fellow to me, and I was to be a good fellow to him. He wanted to make Winthrop buy out the Metropolitan, as a consideration for letting the Consolidation Bill go through. Well, finally, I wanted to get out of this electric business, which I didn't like any more. I tried to arrange a compromise between Gallagher and Winthrop, to get it out of the way, and John and I fell out about it. Then he upset your bill, just to remind me that he was the boss. At first I was simply in a rage. It stung my pride. I told him I'd denounce the Electric Bill, because I wanted to hurt him any way I could. But that's all gone now, and I'm going to do it because it's the truth. John has been the boss. The dishonesty has been all around me and all through me; and I want to tell about it just as it is. Of course, I know it won't do any particular good—at least not now. It isn't for the public. It's for myself. Everybody knows what the conditions are, I guess; and everybody seems to tolerate them. But it's—spoiled everything for me. And I want to say my say about it—some people will understand it, maybe, and then I'll drop it all—go away somewhere else, I suppose. For the untruth has ruined me. Nothing can alter that."

"I don't think it's ruined you at all," she protested, with a passion which, perhaps, was a little petulant. As he had gone on speaking, she had felt in a blind, wounded, accusing way that he was cutting all the ground from under her feet. Her own drama seemed to be left dangling in mid-air. "Why should you give up—anything?" she demanded. Suddenly she felt her eyes smarting.

He started a little toward her. "If I thought you cared!"—He stopped abruptly, as though ashamed of the touch of impetuosity. His advancing hands fell helplessly against his side.

"If I cared!" she flashed at him—then, with a quick, imploring: "Oh, don't be a miserable MAN! If I hadn't cared, would I have followed you to Springfield and come up—almost to your room——"

"Helen! Helen!"—warningly, under his breath.

"No, sir!" she stepped back from the inviting hand. "I'm going to tell you. I told Winthrop and Gallagher what you said about getting somebody to settle the Electric Bill—not thinking it would hurt you; and they were going to use it against you if you made your speech, or Winthrop was, for I think Gallagher is your friend, anyway. And do you think I could endure that? I came down here to tell you about it. Do stop now; I can't back through the wall. You are a miserable MAN! Oh!" Since retreat was now impossible, she suddenly leaned a little closer, threw up her chin, which brought her face near to his. "You know I couldn't endure that I should be the one to hurt you. I wasn't ready to let it all go—to see you hurt your career. I wasn't ready to sacrifice *my* career—for truth or anything else. What's truth, anyway?"

"Truth? Why, I guess it's you!" said Emmet. He would have said more, fatuously, but she stopped him.

"We must go down-stairs," she said with a kind of fond refusal; "they'll be expecting me."

Down in Parlor C, Johnny Gallagher leaned over the back of a chair and glowered at Prescott and Winthrop before him. Mrs. Randall sat a little apart, and her double chin seemed to defy him to impeach its respectability.

"Behave yourself now!" Helen whispered warningly. They had come through Parlor D, and were at the open door.

"Let's be frank and friendly all around,"—it was Johnny's strident voice—"and acknowledge that we're all brother pirates on the make, and not try to backcap each other's games. What's the difference between rigging the legislature and rigging the stock-market? I'll admit I'm a pirate. But who's going to cast the first stone at me? Who's going to say that politics ought to be better than other business? Other things being as they are in this world, what's the matter with my running my politics the way I do?"

The answer came from the door.

"You wouldn't tell your wife what you do, Johnny," said Emmet. He was beaming in his most sparkling manner.

Johnny stared a moment. "Well, who'd want to tell his wife?" he demanded.

"Why, I would," Emmet declared, and laughed shamelessly.

Miss Page looked demurely at the floor, and took a bit of her lip between her teeth, and colored.

For a mere instant Gallagher floundered. Then he walked over and confronted the

two, his mouth shut, his eyes twinkling. After he had surveyed them an instant, he looked around at the others.

"The babes in the woods," he said solemnly. "You can't never beat 'em! A barbed-wire fence wouldn't keep 'em apart!" He stepped up to Miss Page. "But why didn't you tell me?" he said. "It would have saved all the trouble. I tried to get you to."

She bent a little toward him, quickly, eagerly. "I thought once or twice you did, too," she exclaimed. "But then—well!" As though the inflections explained everything.

"The babes in the woods," he repeated, solemnly. "What about your speech, Dan?" he added abruptly.

"Speech!" Emmet repeated in a tone of surprise. He glanced at Helen in a confused way. "Why—the speech"—he seemed bewildered for a moment. Then he looked around in a kind of happy dubiety. "Why, I guess I've made the speech already."

"I guess you have," said Helen.

Emmet seemed still somewhat confused. "It's all wrong, John," he declared, with a doubtful shake of his head at Gallagher. "It's thoroughly wrong. But—well—I seem to have got humanized sort of—maybe a fellow has to be rather unhappy before he can take a severe view of things. It wouldn't be right some way for me to pitch into anybody when I was so happy myself. I suppose if we weren't such good fellows we wouldn't tolerate so much badness. I'm out of it now, you know, and I'll just stay out and say no more about it."

"Well," said Johnny philosophically, "I reckon you'll have troubles enough of your own, if you're going to get married."

"Oh!" Miss Page protested—plainly at the implication of marriage, so that every one laughed at her, and Mrs. Randall, who had come over that way, with a mollified chin, put her hand in a motherly way on the young woman's arm. They got out of the room, followed by Emmet.

There was a pause, full of the mellow, friendly air.

"This falling in love—" said Johnny thoughtfully. "Still," he added, after an instant, looking at Winthrop and Prescott whimsically, "I suppose we men 'd get too tough to live if it wasn't for that." Again there was a little smiling pause. "Well," said Johnny good-naturedly, "it seems kind of a pity to go on with the scrap after this. The innocents being out of it, suppose we sinful gents get down to business. I'll be reasonable with you."

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY OF CHAPTER I.

Kim is the orphan son of one Kimball O'Hara, once color-sergeant of an Irish regiment stationed in India. Kim is harbored by a half-caste woman, who has sewn his inheritance into a leather amulet-case and hung it about his neck. This property consists of three papers, O'Hara's "*ne varietur*," his clearance-certificate, and Kim's birth-certificate. The father, dying of opium, talked of how these documents would bring Kim the friendship of the regiment—the regiment whose flag is a red bull on a green field; but to the half-caste woman it seemed that he spoke of devils, whose god was a red bull, and who were to work magic for Kim, and it was thus that Kim came to conceive the matter.

So when he strikes up acquaintance with an old lama pilgriming in the footsteps of Buddha, and takes to him with boyish devotion, Kim, too, concludes to go wandering with the old man, reflecting that thus he stands the better chance of meeting the devils and the red bull.

Mahbub Ali is a horse-trader who, in the locked books of the Indian Secret Service, is registered as C.25; just now he has a report of magnitude to make regarding five native Kings, who are plotting against the Government. He has had dealings with Kim before, so he gives him a message to deliver, when, disguised as a Hindu boy, he and his lama shall reach Umballa.

The message appears to concern only the pedigree of a white stallion.

CHAPTER II.

For whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither man nor beast,
May hear the Soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

THEY entered the fort-like railway station, black in the end of night; the electrics sizzling over the goods-yard where they handled the heavy Northern grain-traffic.

"This is the work of devils!" said the lama, recoiling at the hollow echoing darkness, the glimmer of rails between the masonry platforms, and the maze of girders above. He stood in a gigantic stone hall paved, it seemed, with the sheeted dead—third-class passengers who had taken their tickets overnight and were sleeping in the waiting-rooms. All hours of the twenty-four are alike to Orientals, and their passenger traffic is regulated accordingly.

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"This is where the fire-carriages come. One stands behind that hole"—Kim pointed to the ticket-office—"who will give thee a paper to take thee to Umballa."

"But we go to Benares," he replied petulantly.

"All one. Benares then. Quick: she comes!"

"Take thou the purse."

The lama, not so well used to trains as he had pretended, started as the 3.25 A.M. south bound roared in. The sleepers sprung to life, and the station filled with clamor and shoutings, cries of water and sweetmeat vendors, shouts of native policemen, and shrill yells of women gathering up their baskets, their families, and their husbands.

"It is the train—only the *te-rain*. It will not come here. Wait!" Amazed at the lama's immense simplicity (he had handed him a small bag full of rupees), Kim asked and paid for a ticket to Benares. A sleepy clerk grunted and flung out a ticket to the next station, just six miles distant.

"Nay," said Kim, scanning it with a grin. "This may serve for farmers, but I live in the city of Lahore. It was cleverly done, babu. Now give a ticket to Umballa."

The babu scowled and dealt the proper ticket.

"Now another to Amritzar," said Kim, who had no notion of spending Mahbub Ali's money on anything so crude as a paid ride to Umballa. "The price is so much. The small money in return is just so much. I know the ways of the te-rain. . . . Never did *yogi* need *chela* as thou dost," he went on merrily to the bewildered lama. "They would have flung thee out at Mian Mir but for me. This way! Come." He returned the money, keeping only one anna in each rupee of the price of the Umballa ticket as his commission—the immemorial commission of Asia.

The lama jibbed at the open door of a crowded third-class carriage. "Were it not better to walk?" said he weakly.

A burly Sikh artisan thrust forth his bearded head. "Is he afraid? Do not be afraid. I remember the time when I was afraid of the train. Enter! This thing is the work of the Government."

"I do not fear," said the lama. "Have ye room within for two?"

"There is no room even for a mouse," shrilled the wife of a well-to-do cultivator—a Hindu Jat from the rich Jullundur district. Our night trains are not as well looked after as the day ones, where the sexes are very strictly kept to separate carriages.

"Oh, mother of my son, we can make space," said the blue-turbaned husband. "Pick up the child. It is a holy man, seest thou?"

"And my lap full of seventy times seven bundles! Why not bid him sit on my knee, Shameless? But men are ever thus!" She looked round for approval. An Amritzar courtesan near the window sniffed behind her head drapery.

"Enter! Enter!" cried a fat Hindu money-lender, his folded account-book in a cloth under his arm. With an oily smirk: "It is well to be kind to the poor."

"Ay, at seven per cent. a month with a mortgage on the unborn calf," said a young Dogra soldier going south on leave; and they all laughed.

"Will it travel to Benares?" said the lama.

"Assuredly. Else why should we come? Enter, or we are left," cried Kim.

"See!" shrilled the Amritzar girl. "He has never entered a train. Oh see!"

"Nay, help," said the cultivator, putting out a large brown hand and hauling him in. "Thus is it done, father."

"But—but—I sit on the floor. It is against the Rule to sit on a bench," said the lama. "Moreover, it cramps me."

"I say," began the money-lender, pursing his lips, "that there is not one rule of right living which these *te-rains* do not cause us to break. We sit, for example, side by side with all castes and peoples."

"Yea, and with most outrageously shameless ones," said the wife, scowling at the Amritzar girl making eyes at the young sepoy.

"I said we might have gone by cart along the road," said the husband, "and thus have saved some money."

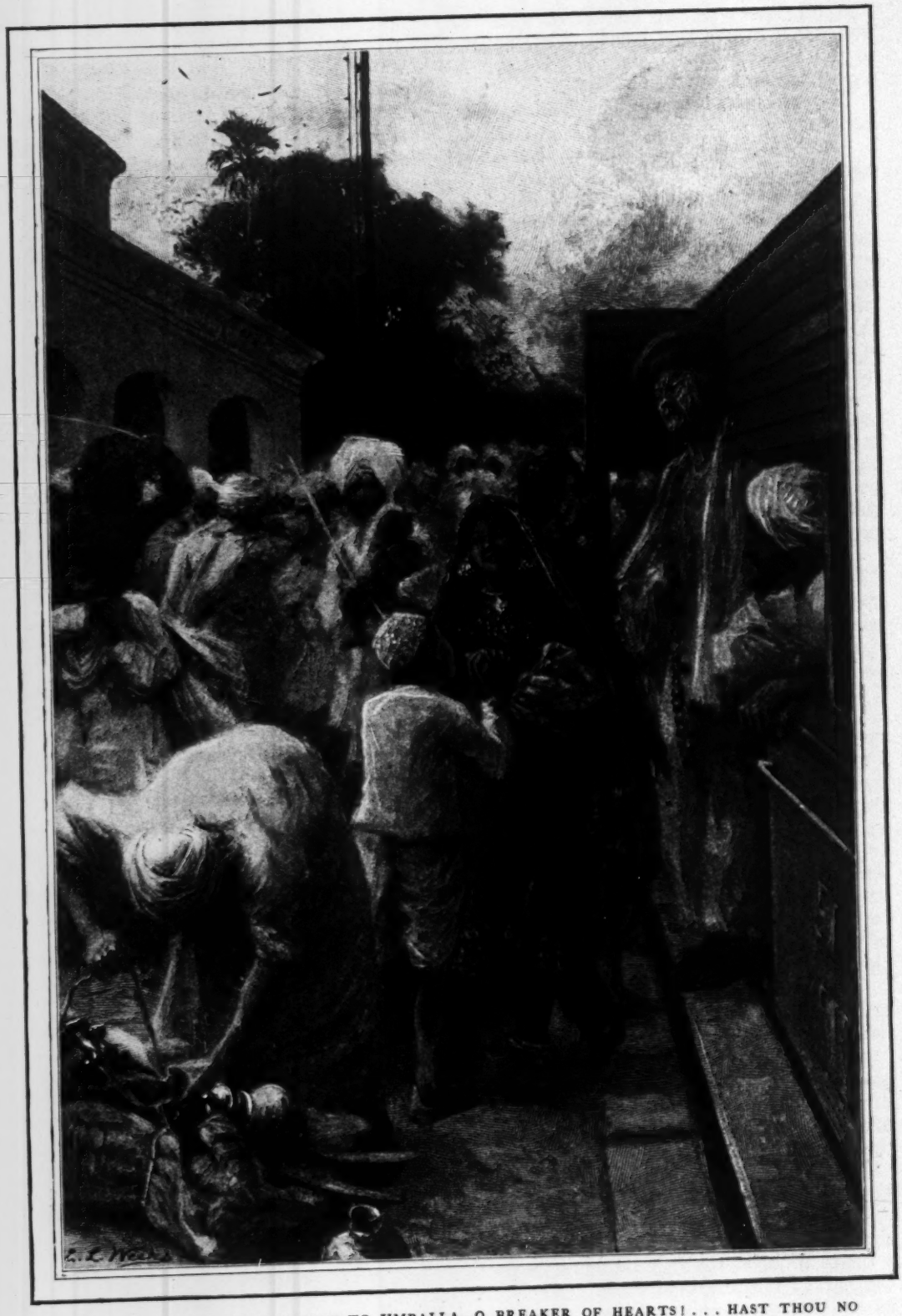
"Yes—and spent twice over what we saved on food by the way. That was talked out ten thousand times."

"Ay, by ten thousand tongues," grunted he.

"The Gods help us poor women if we may not speak. Oho! He is of that sort which may not look at or reply to a woman." For the lama, constrained by his Rule, took not the faintest notice of her. "And his disciple is like him?"

"Nay, mother," said Kim most promptly. "Not when the woman is well-looking and above all charitable to the hungry."

"A beggar's answer," said the Sikh, laughing. "Thou has brought it on thyself, sister!" Kim's hands were crooked in supplication.



"'A TICKET—A LITTLE *TIKKUT* TO UMBALLA—O BREAKER OF HEARTS! . . . HAST THOU NO CHARITY?'"

"And whither goest thou?" said the woman, handing him the half of a cake from a greasy package.

"Even to Benares."

"Jugglers belike?" the young soldier suggested. "Have ye any tricks to pass the time? Why does not that yellow man answer?"

"Because," said Kim stoutly, "he is holy, and thinks upon matters hidden from thee."

"That may be well. We of the Loodhiana Sikhs," he rolled it out sonorously, "do not trouble our heads with doctrine. We fight."

"My sister's brother's son is *naik* (corporal) in that regiment," said the Sikh craftsman quietly. "There are also some Dogra companies there." The soldier collapsed, for a Dogra is of lower caste than a Sikh, and the banker tittered.

"They are all one to me," said the Amritzar girl.

"That we believe," snorted the cultivator's wife malignantly.

"Nay, but all who serve the Sirkar with weapons in their hands are, as it were, one brotherhood. There is one brotherhood of the caste, but beyond that again"—she looked round timidly—"the bond of the *Pulton*—the Regiment—eh?"

"My brother is in a Jat regiment," said the cultivator. "Dogras be good men."

"Thy Sikhs at least were of that opinion," said the soldier, with a scowl at the placid old man in the corner. "*Thy* Sikhs thought so when our two companies came to help them at the Pirzai Kotal in the face of eight Afreedee standards on the ridge not three months gone."

He told the story of a Border action in which the Dogra companies of the Loodhiana Sikhs had acquitted themselves well. The Amritzar girl smiled; for she knew the tale was to win her approval.

"Alas!" said the cultivator's wife at the end. "So their villages were burnt and their little children made homeless?"

"They had marked our dead. They paid a great payment after we of the Sikhs had schooled them. So it was. Is this Amritzar?"

"Ay, and here they cut our tickets," said the banker, fumbling at his belt.

The lamps were paling to the dawn when the half-caste guard came round. Ticket-collecting is a slow business in the East, where people secrete their tickets in all sorts of curious places. Kim produced his and was told to get out.

"But I go to Umballa," he protested. "I go with this holy man."

"Thou canst go to Jehannum for aught I care. This ticket is only to Amritzar. Out!"

Kim burst into a flood of tears, protesting that the lama was his father and his mother, that he was the prop of the lama's declining years, and that the lama would die without his care. All the carriage bade the guard be merciful,—the banker was specially eloquent here,—but the guard bundled Kim on to the platform. The lama blinked, he could not overtake the situation, and Kim lifted up his voice and wept outside the carriage window.

"I am very poor. My father is dead—my mother is dead. Oh, charitable ones, if I am left here, who shall tend that old man?"

"What—what is this?" the lama repeated. "He must go to Benares. He must come with me. He is my *chela*. If there is money to be paid——"

"Oh, be silent," whispered Kim; "are we Rajahs to throw away good silver when the world is so charitable?"

The Amritzar girl stepped out with her bundles, and it was on her that Kim kept his watchful eye. Ladies of that persuasion, he knew, were generous.

"A ticket—a little *tikkut* to Umballa—O Breaker of Hearts!" She laughed. "Hast thou no charity?"

"Does the holy man come from the North?"

"From far and far in the North he comes," cried Kim. "From among the hills."

"There is snow among the pine trees in the North—in the hills there is snow. My mother was from Kulu. Get thee a ticket. Ask him for a blessing."

"Ten thousand blessings," shrilled Kim. "O Holy One, a woman has given us in charity so that I can come with thee—a woman with a golden heart. I run for the *tikkut*."

The girl looked up at the lama, who had mechanically followed Kim to the platform. He bowed his head that he might not see her, and muttered in Tibetan as she passed on with the crowd.

"Light come—light go," said the cultivator's wife viciously.

"She has acquired merit," returned the lama. "Beyond doubt it was a nun."

"There be ten thousand such nuns in Amritzar alone. Return, old man, or the train may depart without thee," cried the banker.

"Not only was it sufficient for the ticket, but for a little food also," said Kim, leaping to his place. "Now eat, Holy One. Look. Day comes!"

Golden, rose, saffron, and pink, the morning mists smoked away across the flat green levels. All the rich Punjab lay out in the splendor of the keen sun. The lama flinched a little as the telegraph-posts swung by.

"Great is the speed of the train," said the banker, with a patronizing grin. "We have gone farther since Lahore than thou couldst walk in two days: at even, we shall enter Umballa."

"And that is still far from Benares," said the lama wearily, mumbling over the cakes that Kim offered. They all unloosed their bundles and made their morning meal. Then the Sikh, the cultivator, and the soldier prepared their pipes and wrapped the compartment in choking, acrid smoke, spitting and coughing and enjoying themselves. The banker and the cultivator's wife chewed *pan;* the lama took snuff and told his beads, while Kim, cross-legged, smiled over the comfort of a full stomach.

"What rivers have ye by Benares?" said the lama of a sudden to the carriage at large.

"We have Gunga," returned the banker, when the little titter had subsided.

"What others?"

"What other than Gunga?"

"Nay, but in my mind was the thought of a certain River of healing."

"That is Gunga. Who bathes in her is made clean and goes to the gods. Thrice have I made pilgrimage to Gunga." He looked round proudly.

"There was need," said the young sepoy dryly, and the travelers' laugh turned against the banker.

"Clean—to return again to the Gods," the lama muttered. "And to go forth on the round of lives anew—still tied to the Wheel." He shook his head testily. "But maybe there is a mistake. Who, then, made Gunga in the beginning?"

"The Gods. Of what known faith art thou?" the banker said, appalled.

"I follow the Law—the Most Excellent Law. So it was the Gods that made Gunga. What like of Gods were they?"

The carriage looked at him in amazement. It was inconceivable that any one should be ignorant of the Gunga.

"What—what is thy God?" said the money-lender at last.

"Hear!" said the lama, shifting the rosary to his hand. "Hear: for I speak of Him now! O people of Hind, listen!"

He began in Urdu the tale of the Lord Buddha, but, borne by his own thoughts, slid into Tibetan and long-droned texts from a Chinese book of the Buddha's life. The gentle, tolerant folk looked on reverently. All India is full of holy men stammering gospels in strange tongues; shaken and consumed in the fires of their own zeal; dreamers, babblers, and visionaries: as it has been from the beginning and will continue to the end.

"Um!" said the soldier of the Loodhiana Sikhs. "There was a Mohammedan regiment lay next to us at the Pirzai Kotal, and a priest of theirs,—he was, as I remember, a *naik*,—when the fit was on him, spake prophecies. But the mad all are in God's keeping. His officers overlooked much in that man."

The lama fell back on Urdu, remembering that he was in a strange land. "Hear the tale of the arrow which our Lord loosed from the bow," he said.

This was much more to their taste, and they listened curiously while he told it. "Now, O people of Hind, I go to seek that River. Know ye aught that may guide me, for we be all men and women in evil case."

"There is Gunga—and Gunga alone—who washes away sin," ran the murmur round the carriage.

"Though past question we have good Gods Jullundur-way," said the cultivator's wife, looking out of window. "See how they have blessed the crops."

"To search every river in the Punjab is no small matter," said her husband. "For me, a stream that leaves good silt on my land suffices, and I thank Bhumia, the God of the Homestead." He shrugged one knotted, bronzed shoulder.

"Think you our Lord came so far north?" said the lama, turning to Kim.

"It may be," Kim replied soothingly, as he spat red *pan*-juice on the floor.

"The last of the Great Ones," said the Sikh with authority, "was Sikander Julkarn (Alexander the Great). He paved the streets of Jullunder and built a great tank near Umballa. That pavement holds to this day; and the tank is there also. I never heard of thy God."

"Let thy hair grow long and talk Punjabi," said the young soldier jestingly to Kim, quoting a Northern proverb. "That is all that makes a Sikh." But he did not say this very loud.

The lama sighed and shrunk into himself,

a dingy, shapeless mass. In the pauses of their talk they could hear the low droning—"*Om mane pudme hum! Om mane pudme hum!*"—and the thick click of the wooden rosary beads.

"It irks me," he said at last. "The speed and the clatter irk me. Moreover, my *chela*, I think that may be we have overpassed that River."

"Peace, peace," said Kim. "Was not the river near Benares? We are yet far from the place."

"But—if our Lord came north, it may be any one of these little ones that we have run across."

"I do not know."

"But thou wast sent to me—wast thou sent to me?—for the merit I had acquired over yonder at Suchzen. From beside the cannon didst thou come—bearing two faces—and two garbs."

"Peace. One must not speak of these things here," whispered Kim. "There was but one of me. Think again and thou wilt remember. A boy—a Hindu boy—by the great green cannon."

"But was there not also an Englishman with a white beard—sitting among images—who himself made more sure my assurance of the River of the Arrow?"

"He—we—went to the Ajaib-Gher in Lahore to pray before the gods there," Kim explained to the openly listening company. "And the Sahib of the Wonder House talked to him—yes, this is truth—as a brother. He is a very holy man, from far beyond the hills. Rest thou. In time we come to Umballa."

"But my River—the River of my healing?"

"And then, if it please thee, we will go hunting for that River on foot. So that we miss nothing—not even a little rivulet in a field-side."

"But thou hast a Search of thine own?" The lama—very pleased that he remembered so well—sat bolt upright.

"Ay," said Kim, humoring him. The boy was entirely happy to be out chewing *pan* and seeing new people in the great good-tempered world.

"It was a bull—a Red Bull that shall come and help thee—and carry thee—whither? I have forgotten. A Red Bull on a green field, was it not?"

"Nay, it will carry me nowhere," said Kim. "It is but a tale I told thee."

"What is this?" the cultivator's wife leaned forward, her bracelets clinking on her arm. "Do ye both dream dreams? A Red Bull on a green field, that shall carry thee to the Heavens—or what? Was it a vision? Did one make a prophecy? *We* have a Red Bull in our village behind Jullundur city, and he grazes by choice in the very greenest of our fields."

"Give a woman an old wife's tale and a weaver-bird a leaf and a thread, they will weave wonderful things," said the Sikh. "All holy men dream dreams, and by following holy men their disciples attain that power."

"A Red Bull on a green field, was it?" the lama repeated. "In a former life it may be thou hast acquired merit, and the Bull will come to reward thee."

"Nay—nay—it was but a tale one told to me—for a jest belike. But I will seek the Bull about Umballa, and thou canst look for thy River and rest from the clatter of the train."

"It may be that the Bull knows—that he is sent to guide us both," said the lama, hopefully as a child. Then to the company, indicating Kim: "This one was sent to me but yesterday. He is not, I think, of this world."

"Beggars a plenty have I met, and holy men to boot, but never such a *yogi* nor such a disciple," said the woman.

Her husband touched his forehead lightly with one finger and smiled. But the next time the lama would eat they took care to give him their best.

And at last—tired, sleepy, and dusty—they reached Umballa City Station.

"We abide here upon a law-suit," said the cultivator's wife to Kim. "We lodge with my man's cousin's younger brother. There is room also in the courtyard for thy *yogi* and for thee. Will—will he give me a blessing?"

"O holy man! A woman with a heart of gold gives us lodging for the night. It is a kindly land, this land of the South. See how we have been helped since the dawn!"

The lama bowed his head in benediction.

"To fill my cousin's younger brother's house with wastrels"—the husband began, as he shouldered his heavy bamboo staff.

"Thy cousin's younger brother owes my father's cousin something yet on his daughter's marriage-feast," said the woman crisply. "Let him put their food to that account. The *yogi* will beg, I doubt not."

"Ay, I beg for him," said Kim, anxious only to get the lama under shelter for the night, that he might find Mahbub Ali's Englishman and deliver himself of the white stallion's pedigree.

"Now," said he, when the lama had come to an anchor in the inner courtyard of a decent Hindu house behind the cantonments, "I go away for a while—to—to buy us victual in the bazaar. Do not stray abroad till I return."

"Thou wilt return? Thou wilt surely return?" The old man caught at his wrist. "And thou wilt return in this very same shape? Is it too late to look to-night for the River?"

"Too late and too dark. Be comforted. Think how far thou art on the road—an hundred *kos* from Lahore already."

"Yes—and farther from my monastery. Alas! It is a great and terrible world."

Kim stole out and away, as unremarkable a figure as ever carried his own and a few score thousand other folk's fate slung round his neck. Mahbub Ali's directions left him little doubt of the house in which his Englishman lived; and a groom, bringing a dog-cart home from the Club, made him quite sure. It remained only to identify his man, and Kim slipped through the garden hedge and lay in a clump of plumed grass close to the veranda. The house was blazing with lights, and servants moved about tables dressed with flowers, glass, and silver. Presently forth came an Englishman, dressed in black and white, humming a tune. It was too dark to see his face, so Kim, beggar-wise, tried an experiment.

"Protector of the Poor!"

He backed swiftly towards the unseen voice.

"Mahbub Ali says——"

"Hah! What says Mahbub Ali?" He made no attempt to look for the speaker, and that showed Kim that he knew.

"The pedigree of the white stallion is fully established."

"What proof is there?" The Englishman switched at the rose-hedge in the side of the drive.

"Mahbub Ali has given me this proof." Kim flipped the wad of folded paper into the air, and it fell on the path beside the man, who put his foot on it as a gardener came round the corner. When the servant passed he picked it up, dropped a rupee, Kim could hear the clink, and strode into the house, never turning round. Swiftly Kim took up the money; but, for all his training, he was Irish enough by birth to reckon silver the least part of any game. What he wanted was the visible effect of action, so, instead of slinking away, he lay close in the grass and wormed nearer to the house.

He saw—Indian bungalows are open through and through—the Englishman return to a small dressing-room in a corner of the veranda that was half-office, littered with papers and despatch boxes, and sit down to study Mahbub Ali's message. His face, in the full rays of the kerosene lamp, changed and darkened, and Kim, used as every beggar must be to watching countenances, took good note.

"Will! Will, dear!" called a woman's voice. "You ought to be in the drawing-room. They'll be here in a minute."

The man still read intently.

"Will!" said the voice, five minutes later. "*He's* come. I can hear the troopers in the drive."

The man dashed out bareheaded as a big landau with four native troopers behind it halted at the veranda, and a tall, black-haired man, erect as an arrow, swung out, preceded by a young officer who laughed pleasantly.

Flat on his belly lay Kim, almost touching the high wheels. His man and the black stranger exchanged two sentences.

"Certainly sir," said the young officer promptly. "Everything waits while a horse is concerned."

"We shan't be more than twenty minutes," said Kim's man. "You can do the honors—keep 'em amused, and all that."

"Tell one of the troopers to wait," said the tall man, and they both passed into the dressing-room together as the landau rolled away. Kim saw their heads bent over Mahbub Ali's message, and heard the voices—one low and deferential, the other sharp and decisive.

"It isn't a question of weeks. It is a question of days—hours almost," said the elder. "I'd been expecting it for some time, but this"—he tapped Mahbub Ali's paper—"clenches it. Grogan's dining here to-night, isn't he?"

"Yes sir, and Macklin too."

"Very good. I'll speak to them myself. The matter will be referred to the Council, of course, but this is a case where one is justified in assuming that we take action at once. Warn the Pindi and Peshawur brigades. It will disorganize all the summer reliefs, but we can't help that. This comes of not smashing them thoroughly the first time. Eight thousand should be enough."

"What about artillery, sir?"

"I must consult Macklin."

"Then it means war, sir?"

"No. Punishment. When a man is bound by the action of his predecessor——"

"But C.25 may have lied."

"He bears out the other's information. Practically, they showed their hand six months back. But Devenish would have it there was a chance of peace. Of course they used it to make themselves stronger. Send off those telegrams at once,—the new code, not the old,—mine and Wharton's. I don't think we need keep the ladies waiting any longer. We can settle the rest over the cigars. I thought it was coming. It's punishment—not war."

As the trooper cantered off Kim crawled round to the back of the house, where, going on his Lahore experiences, he judged there would be food—and information. The kitchen was crowded with excited scullions, one of whom kicked him.

"Aie," said Kim, feigning tears. "I came only to wash dishes in return for a bellyful."

"All Umballa is on the same errand. Get hence! They go in now with the soup. Think you that we who serve Creighton Sahib need strange scullions to help us through a big dinner?"

"It is a very big dinner," said Kim, looking at the plates.

"Small wonder. The guest of honor is none other than the Jang-i-Lat Sahib (the Commander-in-Chief)."

"Ho!" said Kim, with the correct guttural note of wonder. He had learned what he wanted, and when the scullion turned he was gone.

"And all that trouble," said he to himself, thinking as usual in Hindustanee, "for a horse's pedigree. Mahbub Ali should have come to me to learn a little lying. Every time before that I have borne a message it concerned a woman. Now it is men. Better. The tall man said that they will loose a great army to punish some one—somewhere—the news goes to Pindi and Peshawur. There are also guns. Would I had crept nearer. It is big news."

He returned to find the cultivator's cousin's younger brother discussing the family lawsuit in all its bearings with the cultivator and his wife and a few friends, while the lama dozed. After the evening meal some one passed him a water-pipe; and Kim felt very much of a man as he pulled at the smooth cocoanut shell, his legs spread abroad in the moonlight, his tongue clicking in remarks from time to time. His hosts were most polite; for the cultivator's wife had told them of his vision of the Red Bull, and of his probable descent from another world. Moreover, the lama was a great and venerable curiosity. The family priest, an old, tolerant Sarsut Brahmin, dropped in later, and naturally started a theological argument to impress the family. By creed, of course, they were all on their priest's side, but the lama was the guest and the novelty. His gentle kindliness, and his impressive Chinese quotations, that sounded like spells, delighted them hugely; and in this sympathetic, simple air, he expanded like the Bodhisat's own lotus, speaking of his life in the great hills of Suchzen, before, as he said, "I rose up to seek enlightenment."

Then it came out that in those worldly days he had been a master-hand at casting horoscopes and nativities; and the family priest led him on to describe his methods; each giving the planets names that the other could not understand, and pointing upwards as the big stars sailed across the dark. The children of the house tugged unrebuked at his rosary; and he clean forgot the Rule which forbids looking at women as he talked of enduring snows, landslips, blocked passes, the remote cliffs where men find sapphires and turquoise, and that wonderful upland road that leads at last into great China itself.

"How thinkest thou of this one?" said the cultivator aside to the priest.

"A holy man—a holy man indeed. His Gods are not the Gods, but his feet are upon the Way," was the answer. "And his methods of nativities, though that is beyond thee, are wise and sure."

"Tell me," said Kim lazily, "whether I find my Red Bull on a green field, as was promised me."

"What knowledge hast thou of thy birthhour?" the priest asked, swelling with importance.

"Between first and second cockcrow of the first night in May."

"Of what year?"

"I do not know; but upon the hour that I cried first fell the great earthquake in Srinagur which is in Kashmir." This Kim had from the woman who took care of him, and she again from Kimball O'Hara. The earthquake had been felt in India, and for long stood a leading date in the Punjab.

"Ai!" said a woman excitedly. This seemed to make Kim's supernatural origin more certain. "Was not such an one's daughter born then——"

"And her mother bore her husband four sons in four years—all likely boys," cried the

cultivator's wife, sitting outside the circle in the shadow.

"None reared in the knowledge," said the family priest, "forget how the planets stood in their Houses upon that night." He began to draw in the dust of the courtyard. "At least thou hast good claim to a half of the House of the Bull. How runs thy prophecy?"

"Upon a day," said Kim, delighted at the sensation he was creating, "I shall be made great by means of a Red Bull on a green field, but first there will enter two men making all things ready."

"Yes, thus it is at the opening of a vision. A thick darkness that clears slowly; anon one enters with a broom making ready the place. Then begins the sight. Two men—thou sayest? Ay, ay. The Sun, leaving the House of the Bull, enters that of the Twins. Hence the two men of the prophecy. Let us now consider. Fetch me a twig, little one."

He knitted his brows, scratched, smoothed out, and scratched again in the dust mysterious signs—to the wonder of all save the lama, who, with fine instinct, forbore to interfere.

At the end of half an hour, he tossed the twig from him with a grunt.

"Hm. Thus say the stars. Within three days come the two men to make all things ready. After them follows the Bull; but the sign over against him is the sign of war—and armed men."

"There was indeed a man of the Ludhiana Sikhs in the carriage from Lahore," said the cultivator's wife hopefully.

"Tck! Armed men—many hundreds. What concern hast thou with war?" said the priest to Kim. "Thine is a red and an angry sign of war to be loosed very soon."

"None—none," said the lama earnestly. "We seek only peace and our River."

Kim smiled, remembering what he had overheard in the dressing-room. Decidedly he was a favorite of the stars.

The priest brushed his foot over the rude horoscope. "More than this I cannot see. In three days comes the Bull to thee, boy."

"And my River, my River," pleaded the lama. "I had hoped his Bull would lead us both to the River."

"Alas, for that wondrous River, my brother," the priest replied. "Such things are not common."

Next morning, though they were pressed to stay, the lama insisted on departure. They gave Kim a large bundle of good food and nearly three annas in copper money for the needs of the road, and with many blessings watched the two go southward in the dawn.

"Pity it is that these and such as these could not be freed from the Wheel of Things," said the lama.

"Nay, then would only evil people be left on the earth, and who would give us meat and shelter?" quoth Kim, stepping merrily under his burden.

"Yonder is a small stream. Let us look," said the lama, and he led from the white road across the fields, walking into a very hornets'-nest of pariah-dogs.

CHAPTER III.

> Yea, voice of every Soul that clung
> To Life that strove from rung to rung
> When Devadatta's rule was young,
> The warm wind brings Kamakura.

BEHIND them an angry farmer brandished a bamboo pole. He was a market-gardener, Arain by caste, growing vegetables and flowers for Umballa city, and well Kim knew the breed.

"Such an one," said the lama, disregarding the dogs, "is impolite to strangers, intemperate of speech and uncharitable. Be warned by his demeanor, my disciple."

"Ho, shameless beggars!" shouted the farmer. "Begone! Get hence!"

"We go," the lama returned, with quiet dignity. "We go from these unblessed fields."

"Ah," said Kim, sucking in his breath. "If the next crops fail, thou canst only blame thy own tongue."

The man shuffled uneasily in his slippers. "The land is full of beggars," he began, half apologetically.

"And by what sign didst thou know that we would beg from thee, O Mali?" said Kim tartly, using the name that a market-gardener least likes. "All we sought was to look at that river beyond the field there."

"River, forsooth!" the man snorted. "What city do ye hail from not to know a canal-cut? It runs as straight as an arrow, and I pay for the water as though it were molten silver. There is a branch of a river beyond. But if ye need water I can give that—and milk."

"Nay, we will go to the river," said the lama, striding out.

"Milk and a meal," the man stammered, as he looked at the strange tall figure. "I—I

would not draw evil upon myself—or my crops; but beggars are so many in these hard days."

"Take notice," the lama turned to Kim. "He was led to speak harshly by the red mist of anger. That clearing from his eyes, he becomes courteous and of an affable heart. May his fields be blessed. Beware not to judge men too hastily, O farmer."

"I have met holy ones who would have cursed thee from hearthstone to byre," said Kim to the abashed man. "Is he not wise and holy? I am his disciple."

He cocked his nose in the air loftily and stepped across the narrow field-borders with great dignity.

"There is no pride," said the lama, after a pause, "there is no pride among such as follow the Middle Way."

"But thou hast said he was low caste and discourteous."

"Low caste I did not say, for how can that be which is not? Afterwards he amended his discourtesy, and I forgot the offence. Moreover, he is as we are, bound upon the Wheel of Things; but he does not know the way of deliverance." He halted at a little runlet among the fields, and considered the hoof-trodden bank.

"Now, how wilt thou know thy River?" said Kim, squatting in the shade of some tall sugar-cane.

"When I find it, an enlightenment will surely be given. This, I feel, is not the place. O littlest among the waters, if only thou couldst tell me where runs my River! But be thou blessed to make the fields bear!"

"Look! Look!" Kim sprang to his side and dragged him back. A yellow and brown streak glided from the purple rustling stems to the bank, stretched its neck to the water, drank, and lay still—a big cobra with fixed, lidless eyes.

"I have no stick—I have no stick," said Kim. "I will get me one and break his back."

"Why? He is upon the Wheel as we are—a life ascending or descending—very far from deliverance. Great evil must the soul have done that is cast into this shape."

"I hate all snakes," said Kim. No native training can quench the white man's horror of the Serpent.

"Let him live out his life." The coiled thing hissed and half opened its hood. "May thy release come soon, brother," the lama continued placidly. "Hast *thou* knowledge, by chance, of my River?"

"Never have I seen such a man as thou art," Kim whispered, overwhelmed. "Do the very snakes understand thy talk?"

"Who knows?" He passed within a foot of the cobra's poised head. It flattened itself among the dusty coils.

"Come thou!" he called over his shoulder.

"Not I," said Kim. "I go round."

"Come. He does no harm."

Kim hesitated for a moment. The lama backed his order by some droned Chinese quotation which Kim took for a charm. He obeyed and bounded across the rivulet, and the snake made no sign.

"Never have I seen such a man." Kim wiped the sweat from his forehead. "And now, whither go we?"

"That is for thee to say. I am old, and a stranger—far from my own place. But that the *rêl*-carriage fills my head with noises of devil-drums I would go in it to Benares now . . . yet by so going we may miss the River. Let us find another river."

Where the hard-worked soil gives three and even four crops a year—through patches of sugar-cane, tobacco, long white radishes, and nol-kol, all that day they strolled on, turning aside to every glimpse of water; rousing village dogs and sleeping villages at noonday; the lama replying to the vollied questions with an unswerving simplicity. They sought a river—a river of miraculous healing. Had any one knowledge of such a stream? Sometimes men laughed, but more often heard the story out to the end and offered them a place in the shade, a drink of milk, and a meal. The women were always kind, and the little children as children are the world over, alternately shy and venturesome. Evening found them at rest under the village tree of a mud-walled, mud-roofed hamlet, talking to the headman as the cattle came in from the grazing-grounds and the women prepared the day's last meal. They had passed beyond the belt of market-gardens round hungry Umballa, and were among the mile-wide green of the staple crops.

He was a white-bearded and affable elder, used to entertaining strangers. He dragged out a string bedstead for the lama, set warm cooked food before him, prepared him a pipe, and, the evening ceremonies being finished in the village temple, sent for the village priest.

Kim told the older children tales of the size and beauty of Lahore, of railway travel, and such like city things, while the men talked, slowly as their cattle chew the cud.

"I cannot fathom it," said the headman at last to the priest. "How readest thou

this talk?" The lama, having told his tale, was silently telling his beads.

"He is a Seeker," the priest replied. "The land is full of such. Remember him who came only last month—the *faquir* with the tortoise?"

"Ay, but that man had right and reason, for Krishna himself appeared in a vision promising him Paradise without the burning-pyre if he journeyed to Prayag. This man seeks no god who is within my knowledge."

"Peace, he is old: he comes from far off, and he is mad," the smooth-shaven priest replied. "Hear me." He turned to the lama. "Three *kos* (six miles) to the westward runs the great road to Calcutta."

"But I would go to Benares—to Benares."

"And to Benares also. It crosses all streams on this side of Hind. Now my word to thee, Holy One, is rest here till to-morrow. Then take the road" (it was the Grand Trunk Road he meant) "and test each stream that it overpasses; for, as I understand, the virtue of thy River lies neither in one pool nor place, but throughout its length. Then, if thy gods will, be assured that thou wilt come upon thy freedom."

"That is well said." The lama was much impressed by the plan. "We will do that to-morrow, and a blessing on thee for showing old feet such a near road." A deep, sing-song Chinese half-chant closed the sentence. Even the priest was impressed, and the headman feared an evil spell. But none could look at the lama's simple, eager face and doubt him long.

"Seest thou my *chela?*" he said, diving into his snuff-gourd with an important sniff. It was his duty to repay courtesy with courtesy.

"I see—and hear." The headman rolled his eye where Kim was chatting to a girl in blue as she threw crackling thorns on a fire.

"He also has a Search of his own. No river, but a Bull. Yea, a Red Bull on a green field will some day raise him to honor. He is, I think, not altogether of this world. He was sent of a sudden to aid me in this search, and his name is Friend of all the World."

The priest smiled. "Ho then, Friend of all the World," he cried across the sharp-smelling smoke, "what art thou?"

"This Holy One's disciple," said Kim.

"He says thou art a *būt* (a spirit)."

"Can *būts* eat?" said Kim, with a twinkle. "For I am hungry."

"It is no jest," cried the lama. "A certain astrologer of that city whose name I have forgotten——"

"That is no more than the city of Umballa where we slept last night," Kim whispered to the priest.

"Ay, Umballa was it? He cast a horoscope and declared that my *chela* should find his desire within two days. But what said he of the meaning of the stars, Friend of all the World?"

Kim cleared his throat and looked around at the village graybeards.

"The meaning of my Star is War," he replied pompously.

Somebody laughed at the little tattered figure strutting on the brickwork plinth under the great tree. Where a native would have lain down, Kim's white blood set him upon his feet.

"Ay, War," he answered.

"That is a sure prophecy," rumbled a deep voice. "For there is always war along the Border—as I know."

It was an old, withered man, who had served the Government in the days of the Mutiny as a native officer in a newly raised cavalry regiment. The Government had given him a good holding in the village, and though the demands of his sons, now gray-bearded officers on their own account, had impoverished him, he was still a person of consequence. English officials—deputy commissioners even—turned aside from the main road to visit him, and on those occasions he dressed himself in the uniform of ancient days, and stood up like a ramrod.

"But this shall be a great war—a war of eight thousand," Kim's voice shrilled across the quick-gathering crowd, astonishing himself.

"Redcoats or our own regiments?" the old man snapped, as though he were asking an equal. His tone made men respect Kim.

"Redcoats," said Kim at a venture. "Redcoats and guns."

"But—but the astrologer said no word of this," cried the lama, snuffing prodigiously in his excitement.

"But *I* know. The word has come to me, who am this Holy One's disciple. There will rise a war—a war of eight thousand redcoats. From Pindi and Peshawur they will be drawn. This is sure."

"The boy has heard bazaar-talk," said the priest.

"But he was always by my side," said the lama. "How should he know? I did not know."

"He will make a clever juggler when the

old man is dead," muttered the priest to the headman. "What new trick is this?"

"A sign. Give me a sign," thundered the old soldier suddenly. "If there were war my sons would have told me."

"When all is ready, thy sons, doubt not, will be told. But it is a long road from thy sons to the man in whose hands these things lie." Kim warmed to the game, for it reminded him of experiences in the letter-carrying line, when, for the sake of a few pice, he pretended to know more than he knew. But now he was playing for larger things—the sheer excitement and the sense of power. He drew a new breath and went on.

"Old man, give *me* a sign. Do underlings order the goings of eight thousand redcoats —with guns!"

"No." Still the old man answered as though Kim were an equal.

"Dost thou know who He is then that gives the order?"

"I have seen Him."

"To know again?"

"I have known Him since he was a lieutenant in the *top-khana* (the artillery)."

"A tall man. A tall man with black hair, walking thus?" Kim took a few paces in a stiff, wooden style.

"Ay. But that any one may have seen." The crowd were breathless-still through all this talk.

"That is true," said Kim. "But I will say more. Look now. First the great man walks thus. Then He thinks thus. (Kim drew a forefinger over his forehead and downwards till it came to rest by the angle of the jaw.) Anon He twitches his fingers thus. Anon He thrusts his hat under his left armpit." Kim illustrated the motion and stood like a stork.

The old man groaned, inarticulate with amazement; and the crowd shivered.

"So—so—so. But what does He when He is about to give an order?"

"He rubs the skin at the back of his neck —thus. Then falls one finger on the table and he makes a small sniffing noise through his nose. Then He speaks, saying: 'Loose such and such a regiment. Call out such guns.'"

The old man rose stiffly and saluted.

"'For'"—Kim translated into the vernacular the clinching sentences he had heard in the dressing-room at Umballa—"'For,' says He, 'we should have done this long ago. It is not war—it is a chastisement. Snff!'"

"Enough. I believe. I have seen Him thus in the smoke of battles. Seen and heard. It is He!"

"I saw no smoke"—Kim's voice shifted to the rapt sing-song of the wayside fortune-teller. "I saw this in darkness. First came a man to make things clear. Then came horsemen. Then came He, standing in a ring of light. The rest followed as I have said. Old man, have I spoken truth?"

"It is He. Past all doubt it is He."

The crowd drew a long, quavering breath, staring alternately at the old man, still at attention, and ragged Kim against the purple twilight.

"Said I not—said I not he was from the other world?" cried the lama proudly. "He is the Friend of all the World. He is the Friend of the Stars!"

"At least it does not concern us," a man cried. "O thou young soothsayer, if the gift abides with thee at all seasons, I have a red-spotted cow. She may be sister to thy Bull for aught I know——"

"Or I care," said Kim. "My Stars do not concern themselves with thy cattle."

"Nay, but she is very sick," a woman struck in. "My man is a buffalo, or he would have chosen his words better. Tell me if she recover?"

Had Kim been at all an ordinary boy, he would have carried on the play; but one does not know Lahore city, and least of all the *faquirs* by the Taksali Gate, for thirteen years without also knowing human nature.

The priest looked at him sideways, something bitterly—a dry and blighting smile.

"Is there no priest then in the village? I thought I had seen a great one even now," cried Kim.

"Ay—but——" the woman began.

"But thou and thy husband hoped to get the cow cured for a handful of thanks." The shot told: they were notoriously the closest-fisted couple in the village. "It is not well to cheat the temples. Give a young calf to thy own priest, and, unless thy gods are angry past recall, she will give milk within a month."

"A master-beggar art thou," purred the priest approvingly. "Not the cunning of forty years could have done better. Surely thou hast made the old man rich?"

"A little flour, a little butter and a mouthful of cardamoms," Kim retorted, flushed with the praise, but still cautious—"does one grow rich on that? And, as thou canst see, he is mad. But it serves me while I learn the road at least."

He knew what the *faquirs* of the Taksali

Gate were like when they talked among themselves, and copied the very inflection of their lewd disciples.

"Is his Search, then, truth or a cloak to other ends? It may be treasure."

"He is mad—many times mad. There is nothing else."

Here the old soldier hobbled up and asked if Kim would accept his hospitality for the night. The priest recommended him to do so, but insisted that the honor of entertaining the lama belonged to the temple—at which the lama smiled guilelessly. Kim glanced from one face to the other, and drew his own conclusions.

"Where is the money?" he whispered, drawing the old man away into the darkness.

"In my bosom. Where else?"

"Give it me. Quietly and swiftly give it me."

"But why? Here is no ticket to buy."

"Am I thy *chela*, or am I not? Do I not safeguard thy old feet about the ways? Give me the money and at dawn I will return it." He slipped his hand into the lama's girdle and brought away the purse.

"Be it so—be it so." The old man nodded his head. "This is a great and terrible world. I never knew there were so many men alive in it."

(*To be continued.*)

NEXT TO THE GROUND

STORIES AND SCENES OF FARM LIFE

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

THE HOG

JUST consider for a moment how it is that none other among beasts of the field suffers such misprision as Master Hog. In the popular mouth his name is the synonym of stupidity and greed, or a hissing and a reproach of the first water. No doubt it will astonish those who thus hold him cheap to hear that he is, in truth, a tusky diplomat, an appetite misunderstood, the only real epicurean philosopher now existent. Instead of being stupid, he is nearly the wisest among beasts—land-wise, sky-wise, weather-wise. At least down in Middle Tennessee, where he is reared under natural conditions that admit of further, development, and where, sun and soil and clear

tricksy limestone streams are so full of charm they lure to intimacy, and so vital they give new strength to every breathing creature.

Joe Baker felt this so strongly he could not understand how any man born and bred there could content himself to accept the poor-white condition after he had come to man's estate, and a white man's chance. Joe came of planting stock—all the stirring thrift of a planting line was in his young blood. Although he was only fifteen, he had a sense of what a man owed to himself and his opportunities. He had been taught chivalry by precept and example, also to know that chivalry in essence is but the consideration of strength for weakness. A gentleman, said Major Baker, his father, owed it to himself to be courteous to everybody, and was doubly bound to courtesy toward women, little children, old men, and men poorer than himself. Joe accepted it all as gospel, notwithstanding he could not have patience with old man Shack.

Old man Shack, a typical poor white, stood six foot, two, barefoot, was a Jack-of-all-trades, and could beat any man in the county, black or white, at a log-rolling, a chopping frolic, cradling wheat, wrestling, or pitching horse-shoes. He was not really old—a little under forty. But he had married at sixteen, and had twin sons rising twenty, so it was necessary in some way to distinguish him. Beyond that, his family never called him anything else. When he was in the humor for boasting, he said he had moved seventeen times since his wedding-day, had brought up twelve children, and was a sow and pigs and three yearlings better off than when he married.

He showed a sort of cynical pride in his shiftlessness, and cynical contempt for good repute. He let all his stock run out on the range, even when he had a pasture handy. Joe had never quite got over hearing him say with a grin: "I won't have no mark but the rogue's mark—both ears cut off close to the head." Marks, properly earmarks, are important things on a farm. Law takes cognizance of them—it is actionable to change or counterfeit an established mark. Considering that the beasts of the field have but two ears, the variety possible in marks is astounding. Their primary elements, the crop, half-crop, slit, hole, swallow-fork, under-bit, and over-bit, may be used, singly or together, in above 500 ways—as slit-and-crop, slit-and-under-bit, slit-and-over-bit, slit right, crop left, both ears slit, slit and swallow-fork, swallow-fork, slit-and-hole. Merciful men mark as lightly as possible; suspicious ones cut ears to rags and tatters. In a question of ownership there is no going behind an authentic mark well healed. Likewise a mark bloody, and visibly tampered with, is convincing proof of theft.

IT is not easy to tamper with marks. The cuts toughen so in healing they almost turn the edge of the later knife. Taking off the whole ear is quickest and safest. If old man Shack did not really do it, he wanted his neighbors to think he was quite bold enough and bad enough for such work. It was of a piece with his vaporings as to what he might be or do if he "was not so cussed lazy." He had, according to himself, potentialities for anything betwixt robbing a train and making a million dollars. Joe did not believe the half of that, but he did believe, if the old man chose to work only half as industriously as he chose to idle, he could not help but be much better off.

The Baker mark, a crop in the right, under-bit in the left, ran back, through the pioneering Baker and certain Carolina planters, to the original English emigrants—two brothers from the borders of the New Forest. They were yeomen, also young men—which yeomen originally signified. According to an old inventory, they brought the mark with them, upon the ears of some pigs, white with a black list over the loins. No doubt the pigs were both marked and listed like others that, before coming out, the Bakers had sent feeding in the New Forest through the time of pannage. Pannage ran for six weeks from the 1st of September. For every hog feeding through it, a shilling was paid to the king's majesty through the hand of his verderer. Most likely the king's majesty never touched a groat of the shilling, but his liege subjects reveled in rashers of beech-nut bacon. Joe liked to think of that old time—the hogs going out in charge of the village herd, to range and riot through the woodland, and sleep at night in the sweet-smelling, new-

fallen leaves. He had three books about the royal forests. One of them was old—so old it was full of puzzling long *esses*, which half the time he took at first for *efs*. They were the books of books for long winter nights and rainy Sundays. He was sure he would have read them over and over and loved them quite as he did, even if no traditions had come down to give a personal accent to the forest history.

Something else had come down. Atavism, the tendency to throw back, is strong in all domestic animals. The throwing back is nearly always to remote ancestors, rather than near ones. Each and several, the Bakers had crossed all their stock judiciously, but every year or two, among the litters at White Oaks, there was a white pig, with a broad black list over the loins. Commonly the listed pigs had also a black spot back of the ears, or over the eyes. A pig's coat is colored in skin as well as hair. In the list, the black skin was bigger than the black hair, so there was a band of silver-gray all around—white hairs with black skin showing through.

It was not for lack of pasture that Major Baker let his hogs run in the flat woods toward the end of summer. He knew the running out made them healthier and more vigorous. They found in the woods a mysterious tonic—a root it might be, or a seed, or some quality of the earth itself. They went in and out at pleasure, through a slip-gap in the back fence, and were called and fed beside the gap every morning. The most part came to the call, but nobody worried over absentees until they had been three days unseen. Hogs have a curious sense of time; these knew to a minute when their salt and ashes were due—upon Wednesday and Saturday mornings. A hog that did not come up then might reasonably be set down as either sick, stolen, or strayed.

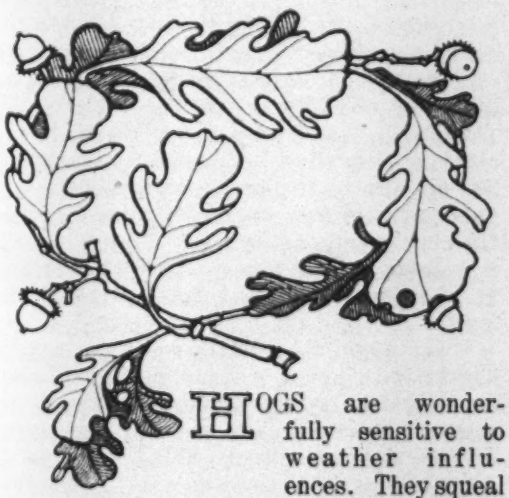
In general, straying was not so easy. Hogs of different pastures might range the woods together, feeding and grunting amicably, even seeming to gossip, in cheerful piggish fashion; yet, when they took the path home, woe to him who tried to go except where he belonged. At night the going was in single file, one trotting right on the heels of another, and all squealing as they went. At morning, in answer to the call, there was a rush pell-mell, as fast as they could leg it, tumbling and squealing hungrily all the way. Either at night or morning a stray had to fight for his place. If he conquered a place then and there, all well. If not, he had to lag a long way behind, hang hungrily about, and endure the pangs of Tantalus, until his enemies were too busy eating to have a thought for him.

Still there were exceptions. In every drove there are now and then individuals who delight to entice in outlanders. Sometimes they choose fine, fat, well-appearing young hogs, very well worth stealing. Oftener choice falls upon a leggy, slouchy animal, with long, coarse bristles and a very keen nose. All day long the enticer ranges and roots beside him, rubbing shoulders with him, putting nose to nose, and sniffing amicably, scratching him behind the fore-arm, and, when he wallows, along the backbone. Then, when it is time to go home, if the victim hangs back in fear, or the other members of the drove grunt out threats, the enticer falls instantly to rooting, but roots so as to keep the victim headed the way he should not go. After the drove is running well in line, there may be a pretty bit of by-play—the victim trying to lay a homeward course, and the other blocking his way. Often the two of them stand for ten minutes face to face, twiddling noses one around the other, as you might twiddle fingers. The chances are that next morning that particular drove will boast a stray inmate, or the morning after at the latest. Once the stray is well wonted, the captor takes no notice of him, but goes after another. The passion for conquest, indeed, seems to grow by what it feeds on.

Only the fattening hogs ever thus ran out. The sows and pigs were kept in the woods pasture, beside the creek, where they had clear water to drink and wallow in, and leaves a-plenty for their beds. Straw beds, or litter, made them mangy—even grass and sedge, though wholesome enough, did not compare with leaves. The sows did not sleep all together, cross-and-pile, as did the fattening hogs. Just before farrowing each made herself a new bed, choosing for it the most sheltered and sequestered spot she could find.

Hogs are artistic bed-makers. In the woods the first thing is to gnaw off, or pull up, the low bushes over a space several yards across; next the leaves are rooted up, and inward, in a ring. Then the bed-makers get inside the ring, put their fore-legs over the heaped leaves, and deftly draw them back, sitting upon their haunches, until the ring narrows to a pyramid. A suckling sow plumps down right in the mid-

dle of her bed, whirls round and round until she has snugly hollowed a cup big enough to lie in, then calls in her litter, bestows them beside and slightly underneath her, and, with her nose, tosses leaves lightly over them, as well as over her own back and shoulders. When at last she lies down she is invisible under a leafy coverlet six inches thick. Until she begins to think of weaning her pigs, she fights everything else away from the bed. In the hottest summer weather, she makes for herself and her children a bed of fresh, clean earth, light and dry, but not dusty. She will wallow all day in mud and keep her piggies beside her, but will not sleep in it.



HOGS are wonderfully sensitive to weather influences. They squeal and run restlessly about hours in advance of a storm. They have also some mysterious faculty which warns of coming cold, hardly waiting to feed sometimes before they rush to work, thickening their beds, and heaping them anew. They bite down leafy bushes and run almost incredible distances, holding them in their mouths. In making beds of sedge they ingeniously avoid the tussocks, by planting their forefeet firmly upon the roots, then gathering a mouthful of stalks, and gnawing and snatching them off. But they are so lazy they will cling to the same bed year after year, if permitted, only now and then bringing in a little fresh bed-stuff. A drove-bed is always big and broad, but if fifty sleep in it, the aim of each individual pig is always to lie in the middle, with all the rest for cover. As a result, upon nights when the cold strengthens greatly, there is not much rest in it, but a continuous hurly-burly of crowding and squealing. After deep snows, or in days of cold rain, hogs keep in the bed until driven out by hunger. Young pigs creep out of it at three days old, if the weather is fine. If it is cold and stormy, they lie inside a week.

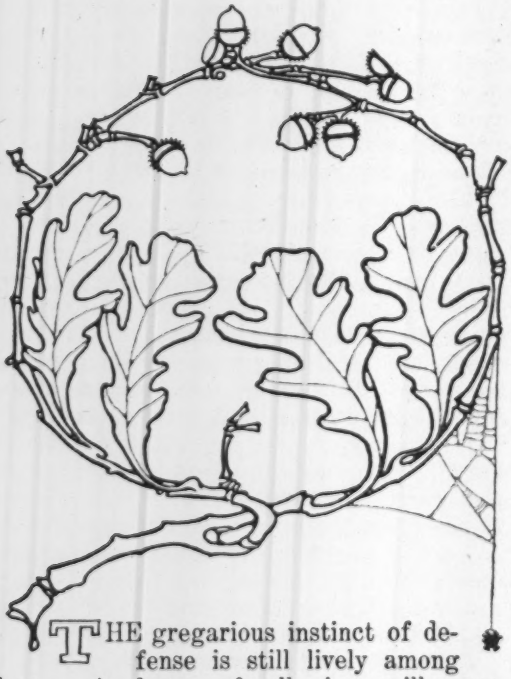
Before they come out it is easy to tell how many the sow is suckling. Like the most of litter-borne animals, pigs keep to the teat they first begin to suck. After a day or two teats that do not suckle grow dry and small—thus by the teats in milk you may know the number of pigs. A sow always lies down to suckle, though, if the pigs are hungry, they are apt to catch the teats, and squeal shrill complaints before she lies down, maybe while she is feeding. As she drops, she gives a little grunting call. If the pigs are in the bed, they rush out in answer to it, and fall all over each other, as they range themselves along her side. Each lays hold upon the teat that comes handiest, but almost instantly lets go, and burrows under the pig next, in search of his proper fountain. The search is so vigorous, for a minute the litter looks to be boiling all over. But when at last the cunning creatures are properly placed, there is nowhere a better picture of mother-care and infantile content.

Pigs learn to nip tender green stuff before they are two weeks old. At six they can crack shelled corn cleverly, but White Oaks pigs did not wait so long for grain. They had a pen inside the woods pasture, with a gap too low for the mothers to go through. There were troughs inside for mush and milk. The saucy rascals throve as mightily as they ate. They knew whoever fed them as far as they could see, and always ran to meet him, and followed him to the pen, squealing in chorus. If he stopped to rest, the squeals grew agonizing—the squealers meantime huddling thicker, and standing upon their hind feet, with the forefeet resting against him. The sows followed, too, though not quite so impetuously. While the pigs ate, their mothers ran round the pen, snuffing and grunting complaints, though they were fed twice a day, not to name the pasture. No hog of any sort ever saw eating going on without wanting a share. What, then, could one expect of suckling mothers?

Bold, gluttonous fellows among the pigs climbed bodily into the low troughs, and lay there swilling. Joe laughed to see that they chose always to lie in the low ends, where the mush and milk was deepest. Often it came half-way up their sleek sides. He fancied they lay down over as much of it as possible to keep it from the rest. He had

caught his father's knack of picking up a pig by the tail and swinging him gently back and forth to judge his weight and growth. So held, a pig does not squeal, though he opens his mouth, as though he would like to do it. Pig thieves take advantage of the fact. They shell corn all around their feet; then, when the pigs are eating, seize upon a fat one, lift him up, and stun him by a fist-blow between the eyes.

And thus they get safe away. Ear- or leg-hold makes a pig squeal loudly, no matter how tame he may be. A curious thing is that sows, or hogs of any sort, which pay no attention whatever to the squealing for food, start upon the dead run, bristling, giving out angry guttural roars, and gnashing their tusks until foam flies, the minute they hear a squeal of distress. Yet to human ears one squeal is the same as the other. Hogs know the difference as they know the difference in calls. Three men may be calling outside droves at once, and each call be audible to all the droves, yet there are no mistakes. The animals are never in doubt as to where they belong.



THE gregarious instinct of defense is still lively among hogs. A drove of all sizes will, upon the approach of a dog, a fox, or, if half wild, a man, form itself into a ring, with the pigs and young hogs in the middle, the strong tuskers outside, and stand heads out, gnashing and bristling, until the marauder slinks out of sight. If, instead of slinking, he ventures upon attack, the ring roars louder than ever, and stretches to meet him, still keeping formation, though it may be so elongated the two lines almost touch.

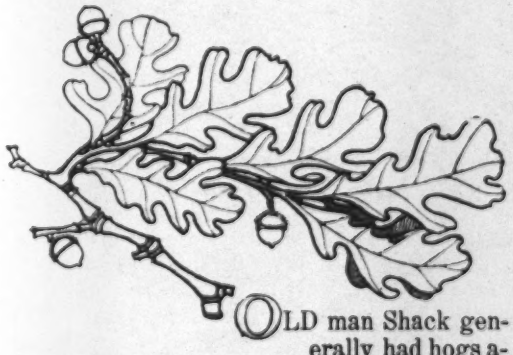
A wise man will not rashly invite the ring's attack, neither will a wise dog. A boar three years old has tusks often six inches long, very much curved, and sharp as a knife. Sows of full age are nearly as formidable; sometimes, indeed, they are the fiercest fighters of the drove, ripping and rending whatever they can reach. An angry hog is a wicked antagonist, bloodshot, foaming, with sinews tense as cords. Solitary he can beat off half a dozen hounds as they come at him. In the ring, where there is no chance of escaping his tusks, he is well-nigh invincible. Experienced dogs never venture upon a direct charge. They halt a little way off, leaping and howling angrily. Then, when the quarry makes his rush, the aim is to leap aside, and, as he passes, wheel and nip him by the ear. A game dog with good ear-hold may worry down his hog, but the chances are against it. Once his blood is well up, a boar will commonly kill or disable half a dozen dogs before giving up the fight.

When a pig did not thrive properly, or a hog looked pinched and rough, Major Baker knew something was wrong with the devil-marks. The marks are rows of tiny indentations, no bigger than small peas, running down the inside of each foreleg. Countryside superstition has it that the marks commemorate the devils which went into the herd of swine, and made the swine rush violently down into the sea. However that may be, nobody quite understands what end they serve. They are hairless, and without secretion of any sort; yet if they get full of extraneous matter the hog shows it very soon. He eats as well as ever, and roots actively, but does no credit to his keeping until the marks are cleared.

Hogs have sensitive palates. Joe thought nobody could doubt that, after seeing them, as he did, fight over the ripe horse-apples and sweetings, the while utterly neglecting the sour winter-windfalls, although they were sound and well colored. He saw them, too, when they were cloyed with juicy fruit and melons, rush at the piles of seed from the peach-drying, and stand for half an hour crunching up the hard shells and dropping them out of their mouths, yet keeping in the rich almond-flavored kernels. They could also distinguish between ripe melons and

sickly ones from dead vines. But none of all those things was so odd as their preference for sulphur water. There was a sulphur spring in the woods pasture, close on the edge of the creek. The sows would come racing to the creek, with a string of pigs behind, wade across, sometimes dropping to wallow if the day was very warm, then come on to the spring, which was nauseously strong, and drink and drink until they almost drained the little rock basin. The taste for sulphur water was, he at last decided, an acquired one. The "Berkshire gilt," bought a long way off, sniffed it when she saw the others drinking, but turned up her nose at it and waddled on to the creek.

The fattening hogs were put up at White Oaks early in September. They were not really penned until cold weather came. Major Baker fed down-standing corn in the creek bottoms. The corn was planted in March, laid by in early June, and sowed with peas as it was laid by. The peas, vine, and pod were worth a third as much as the corn for feeding; then there was the benefit to the land. The hogs ate the peas very nearly clean, they also rooted and ravaged out dormant insects in the soil. It was so light and black all sorts of creeping things infested it. When old man Shack scouted what he called "the sinful waste o' good bread-corn, with mast enough a-comin' to fatten hogs by the rigimint," Major Baker only smiled, and said his hogs paid for all the corn they ate in cut-worms, bud-worms, and wire-worms.



OLD man Shack generally had hogs aplenty, but never fattened them—he let the mast do it for him. By the middle of October the flat woods were full of acorns—unless, as sometimes happened, the mast had not "hit." Such years the old man sold his hogs and bought fat bacon of his neighbors. "You didn't never ketch him," he said, "a-ploughin' and a-sweatin' to raise corn to make meat for no twelve children, an' wife an' dogs throwed in. He wouldn't do it—no tetch! No Sir-ee Bob! He'd swap a passel o' hogs fer all the meat they'd fetch; ef they didn't fetch enough—why! his folks would jest have to look to either the Lord or the county for more."

Beech-mast makes the finest pork in the world—not quite so firm as grain-fed meat, but sweeter and more delicate. Sweet mast—that is to say, butter-nuts, small hickory nuts, chestnuts, hazel nuts, white-oak and post-oak acorns—give good, fairly firm fat, and an agreeable game flavor. Bitter mast—pig nuts, buckeyes, red-oak acorns and those of the Spanish oak, the black jack, water oak, turkey oak, and over-cup oak—make flesh that is oily, somewhat rank, and slightly bitter, with yellow fat instead of white. Still, bushel for bushel, it makes more fat than any except pure beech-mast. The yield is also plentier, and very much more certain. The flat-woods mast was nearly all bitter, but old man Shack was rather glad of it. He called hogs every morning, and gave them grudging handfuls of shattered corn—just enough, as he explained, to "ha'n't 'em home against killin' time." Hogs fed over scantily at regular intervals will come to the feeding place without calling at the feeding time, often persisting for weeks after feeding has ceased.

The instinct is turned to account against wild hogs. With a wide stretch of woods, and mast in plenty, there are always adventurous individuals to stray into the wooded depths, establish themselves, and breed there year after year. Such animals are truly wild, running like deer at the least alarm, and, like deer, able to wind the hunter. They run when they can, and fight when they must. The cracking of a dead branch beneath the foot, or a single incautious yelp from a dog, sends them off like a shot, so long as the danger is unseen. It is when it comes in plain sight they begin to bristle and, in early winter, when they know themselves too fat to run far or fast, make ready for a charge. They feed very early in the morning, and again towards dusk, lying hidden in thickets and beside fallen trees through the daylight, and snug in their beds through the night. No hog, wild or tame, makes a path to his bed, though they make strongly defined ones to their feeding and drinking places. But wild hogs cannot feed without leaving strong signs—the circles and spirals rooted in the fallen leaves in search of mast. All about the rooted circles there will be tracks. By the depth of

these tracks the hunter judges the size and fatness of the game. He seeks out some very quiet place, where tracks are plenty, and baits it—that is, strews it thickly with shelled corn and little lumps of salt. Then he watches until the bait has been eaten, and renews it, judging, as near as he can, whether it was eaten at night or morning. It may take a dozen baitings to decide the point, but once it is decided the game is in his own hands. He goes beforehand, climbs a tree, and waits gun in hand. A good shot may knock over two or three hogs before they get out of range. And he has only to keep up the baiting and lying in wait to bag the whole drove.

That is wild-hog hunting for profit. It is much better sport to track them in light snow, and run them down with dogs. Unless the hunters are well mounted, and the woods open, they have their trouble for their pains. Wild hogs swiftly approximate the razor-back or wind-splitter type—lean, long-nosed, long-legged, tremendously muscled. Even when fattest they creep or slip through incredibly small spaces, and can double like rabbits. Besides, they know every nook and corner and saving hollow of the woods, and are wily enough to lie snug, and let the chase go by, almost over their heads. Running over snow they leave but a faint scent, and one that the dogs fail to pick up after an hour or so of running. They can so far outrun most dogs they can well afford to stop and catch breath whenever they find themselves tiring. When they come to the end of endurance, they turn at bay.

The boars fight fiercely among themselves. It is very rare to kill a boar, even two years old, with tusks unbroken. They seldom kill each other in these fights, but the vanquished has a cheerful habit of running away and venting his anger upon the trunk of a tree. He rears and gashes the bark of it as high as he can reach. If he strikes a knot, the gnashing may cost him a tusk. Woodsmen judge of his size by the height of these gashes. When they find gashes breast-high they know it is time to go wild-hog hunting. A big, savage boar can go through or over any fence ever built, and besides being the worst ravager of growing crops, may kill a flock of lambs, rip up grazing cattle, hamstring a colt or two, and even attack human beings.